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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE MOST arresting economic theories dealing with the future is the one which is being advanced just now by a group of German professors, and endorsed by many German industrialists, to the effect that civilization has become such a highly technical affair that leadership in industry in the future will lie not in controlling world markets or raw materials, but in technology and scientific invention itself.

A MOST REMARKABLE illustration of what this theory means has just come from our own Middle West. A newspaper in Danville, Illinois, has just printed a first edition on paper made, not from wood pulp, but from ordinary corn stalks. Gathered from farms in Illinois, the corn stalks are made into pulp in Danville, turned into paper in a Michigan mill, and emerge as a strong white paper.

THIS IS STARTLING enough viewed merely as a possible solution for part of our present farm problem. A vast crop which has hitherto been waste may now perhaps be rendered marketable. But it is as an example of the future prophesied by the Germans that the incident is most interesting. Suppose for an instant that wood pulp were in the same category with oil, with rubber, with certain deposits and ores. Suppose, further, that the nations of the world had been bending all their energies toward securing a monopoly of the raw material for wood pulp paper: the forests. This new product would have set at naught all their competitive struggles. The bystander who made it practical would have altered material values completely.

THERE HAS BEEN much talk of science putting such frightful engines and destructive gases in men's hands that war would finally devastate the earth and destroy civilization. But a little reflection induces the thought that this is a primitive view of technology. What seems more probable is that science will finally produce such a constantly changing world that war will become out of date as a practical method of gaining anything.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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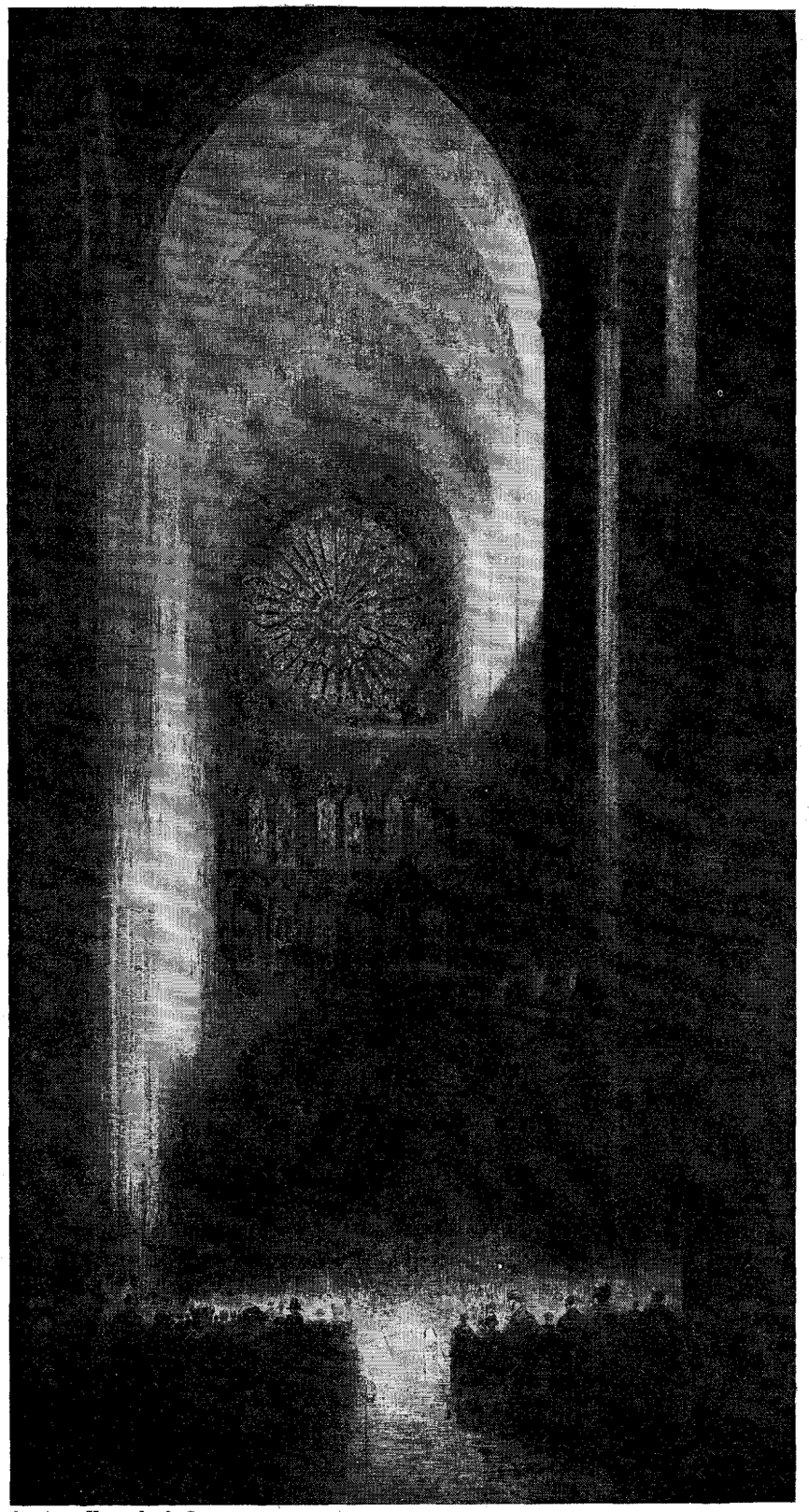

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Outlook

and Independent

December 26, 1928

Government by Propaganda

By FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE

While awaiting the impact of fresh minds on National affairs, we shall be better able to estimate probable results if we learn something about what the writer calls the Grand Army of Publicity. It is this army, whose names occupy three closely printed pages in the Washington telephone directory, that lets Congress know what the folks back home think about this or that measure. It has become powerful enough to be called the "invisible government" and the "third house of Congress." Overnight its outposts can mobilize an army of letter writers to bombard Senators and Representatives with an impressive barrage of letters and telegrams. Mr. Wile is a well-known journalist and radio broadcaster

BY OCCUPATION I am a Washington syndicate correspondent and a radio broadcaster of politics. In my writings, both on paper and in the sky, I strive to walk the tight-rope of neutrality. I aim to bestride that dizzy height in this paper. I do not intend either to praise or to bury the Cæsar of publicity. I function here exclusively as a reporter. All the world's a publicity stage at Washington, and all the newspapermen and women, merely players.

There is now pending in Washington the most exhaustive investigation of the alliance between publicity and politics ever undertaken in this country—the Federal Trade Commission's examination of the operations of the so-called Power Trust. As that inquiry is still *sub judice,* I do not think the time has yet come to pass considered judgment upon its revelations. The official spokesman of the interests directly under fire points out that their side of the case has yet to be presented. The inference is that they expect in due course to be able to put a better face upon disclosures which seem to indicate a systematic campaign to propagandize public opinion against government ownership of utilities.

There can be few who will not admit that the true province of news publicity has been invaded by pernicious practices. Undoubtedly these have brought the responsible profession of disseminating public knowledge into undeserved disrepute. The uses and abuses of publicity in America only recently inspired a French writer, who surveyed our country, like so many itinerant foreigners, through the wrong end of the telescope, to allege that both news and editorial columns, like advertising space, have their price in the United States. I resent that slander. I know it is unjustified.

In former times publicity originating in and distributed from Washington was almost exclusively political in character. It concerned the deeds or misdeeds of Congress, the activities of the President, and the functioning of the Federal Government as a whole. Today publicity about Government affairs is only a rivulet of the Niagara of information and misinformation that incessantly falls over Washington and streams thence across the country. I venture to say that there is hardly a single form of organized American activity that nowadays does not drench the National capital, and, through the capital, the Nation, with a flood of outgivings.

The Washington newspaper profession has coined a word for the physical forms of this "canned" intelligence. We call them "hand-outs." They pile upon us in avalanches with every mail and through an endless chain of messenger boys. During the Presidential campaign "hand-outs" attained a wholly unprecedented volume.

It would be easy to consume and fill most of the space allotted me with a mere enumeration of the multifarious agencies now disporting themselves at Washington for purely publicity purposes. These agencies are non-political in themselves, but essentially political in purpose. They have pitched their tents at Washington because Washington is the law factory of the Union. Their avowed object is to bring about the passage of desired legislation or frustrate the enactment of objectionable legislation.

In days of old, that ancient and more or less honorable institution known as a lobby was conducted at Washington by men who worked on Congress or Government departments by the direct approach method. It was personal influence and moral suasion, and probably, in some cases, a more negotiable talking point, which garnered votes for a pet project, or swung a party leader in a certain direction, or induced a Federal official to favor a given line of policy. The old lobby was a recognized, semi-legalized, open-and-above-board proposition. It consisted of men who knew what they wanted and how to get it. There was no pussyfooting. There was little circumlocution. The attack was frontal. By such methods tariff laws were writ-

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ten; bridges thrown across rural culverts; post offices built; and the legislative wheels of the Government generally kept greased and moving.

It was the direct approach system that despoiled the country of the Naval Oil Reserves—the most classic, as well as the most criminal, example in our time of the prehistoric lobby operating on traditional lines. Teapot Dome, beyond any question, was the last of the Mohicans. The next time private interests covet public property, they will use publicity, not Liberty Bonds and little black bags.

WITH OUR entry into the World War, the old system of getting things done at Washington was destined to undergo a revolutionary change. In the train of the war came many woes. Among them was propaganda. "Propaganda" is a perfectly good and highly-respectable Anglo-Saxonism. Turning to my mainstay in philological distress, Webster's Dictionary, I find "propaganda" defined as "any means used for advocating or teaching a particular doctrine or system."

Propaganda, in other words, is education. Our missionaries in China are propagandists. They are teaching the benefits of Christianity. The missionaries whom Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy and Belgium sent to the United States in 1914, 1915 and 1916 came to preach the merits of the Allied cause. The missionaries whom Germany dispatched to our guileless shores were here to advocate the case of the Central Powers. These combined and zealous efforts gave publicity in America a new name—"propaganda"—and an ill repute which persists to this hour. It persists unjustly to the detriment of many causes seeking legitimate publicity along ethical lines.

The skilful special pleaders from war-racked Europe did more than propagandize in behalf of their respective countries. They taught the benighted American people how to plead special causes of their own. They planted the seeds of organized publicity in this soil as deeply and as firmly as Christopher Columbus planted the banners of a new civilization when he seized aboriginal America in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. Propaganda came to stay when Europe brought it to us fourteen years ago. When Uncle Sam himself became a belligerent in 1917, one of the first leaves he took from the notebook of war-experienced Europe was that which dealt with publicity as a fine art. We mobilized the Committee on Public Information almost as soon as we mobilized the Army and Navy. Publicity under Government control was inaugurated. It ceased nominally with the Armistice. Actually, though in less censorious form, it is with us yet.

The result is the existing order of things at Washington. Obsolete methods of molding opinion have been scrapped. Congressmen are no longer merely wined and dined. Instead, we build fires behind them "back home" with the far more efficacious kindling wood of publicity and propaganda. The American politician has profound respect for anything that makes a noise like a vote. His master's voice is his constituency. Upon it he is dependent, if he would continue to bask in the agreeable sunshine of public office. It is precisely at this point that the tentacles of Washington publicity reach out and touch publishers of community newspapers.

For it has come about that the great American axe-grinding fraternity in these efficient times goes straight to the sovereign people when it has grievances to air, causes to promote, bills to pass and to kill, jobs to get or Constitutional amendments to enact. Prohibition was not "put over on the country," as its foes sometimes allege, by working on the sympathies of dry-voting, wet-drinking members of Congress directly at Washington, any more than it is kept on the statute books by such archaic methods. The Eighteenth Amendment stands in the Constitution of the United States as a monument to modern, scientific publicity and as a memorial to the master publicity craftsman of our day and generation—the late Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

WASHINGTON, as figures of the Census Bureau disclose, is becoming one of the big cities of the country. On July 1, 1928, it was estimated that the capital's population was 552,000, a growth of 115,000 in the past eight years. It is now the thirteenth city in the Union. On every hand there is the material evidence of mounting metropolitan magnitude.

Who is peopling all the new office buildings, hotels, apartments and dwelling-houses? Whence do they hail? Why are they coming down on Washington like the wolf on the fold? The membership of Congress is not increasing. The Government is systematically cutting down, not increasing, its personnel.

The answer lies in the constantly expanding publicity campaign of organized American interests of every conceivable description. Washington today is chock-a-block with men and women sent there from all over the country to agitate and advocate special causes. It is they who are renting floor space in office buildings, employing large staffs of helpers and necessitating as a matter of course constantly greater housing facilities in the District of Columbia and the adjacent Virginia and Maryland countrysides. It is a vast host of ballyhoo crusaders who have invaded Washington and are dedicating themselves to a shrewd, sleepless and remunerative campaign to educate Vox Populi to sing in various keys, major or minor, as this or that particular project requires.

THERE IS positively no limit to the range of activities pursued by these professional missionaries in the field of "public relations." They concern themselves with our bodies and our souls. They deal with our rights, our races and our religions. They are interested in what we drink and in what we think. They propagandize in realms as widely separated as Bibles and bricks. They advocate peace and they preach preparedness. Their diversified scopes are so voluminous that a mere tabulation of their names fills nearly three pages of closely printed addresses in the latest Washington telephone directory. A project is afoot to erect a skyscraper to be occupied exclusively by this Grand Army of Publicity—a G. H. Q. of organized propaganda.

There are in addition many private organizations entrenched at Washington for the openly avowed purpose of influencing public opinion *pro* this or *con* that, and through influencing public opinion, putting pressure on the Federal Government. Sometimes it is the President of the United States at whom this subtle campaign is directed. Sometimes it is Congress. Sometimes it is a Cabinet officer. Sometimes it is a foreign Government, against which it is desired to organize American sentiment. The mails are lavishly used. Postal receipts in Washington, a non-commercial community, are now the seventeenth heaviest in the country, a figure that does not include Congressionally franked mai

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In the list of names of National associations at Washington business interests predominate. That is characteristic of the trend of the times. Government activities, with the fantastic material growth of the country, concern themselves more and more with the affairs of trade, finance and industry. The development of the Department of Commerce during the past eight years from an executive stepchild or Federal fifth wheel into almost the paramount branch of the Administration, tells the story of the transition of Washington from a purely political metropolis into the Nation's business capital.

It is therefore not illogical that the country's widely diversified commercial factors should set up their individual watch-towers at Washington. It is equally natural, in this publicity age, that the men and women stationed in those towers should devote themselves intensively and extensively to propaganda. I suppose there is no more efficient publicity mechanism in existence than the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The Chamber of Commerce does not occupy a watch-tower at Washington. It inhabits a citadel, of physical extent and grandeur which outrival the finest Government buildings in the city. Representing the organized business community of the whole Nation, the Chamber's mission is to keep an eagle eye on all and sundry transpiring in Washington, of weal or woe to its host of constituents in every nook and cranny of the land. The Chamber clears for action with neatness and dispatch whenever the emergency requires. A year or two ago the Chamber valiantly took the field against the Coolidge-Mellon plan for tax reduction. It organized, through its hundreds of thousands of individual members, a referendum, the result of which took vigorous issue with the Administration's program.

Though the project did not accomplish its purpose, and encountered instead a stinging rebuke from the President, the Chamber's crusade against his taxation policy constitutes a classic example of how the modern publicity machine, operated from Washington, is set in motion on eminent occasions. Here was no attempt to work on the White House by direct personal approach. Here was no delegation of captains of industry, waiting cap in hand at the executive offices, to whisper sweet nothings in the Presidential ear and beseech his support of a given procedure. Here was no plaintive or personal appeal to individually influential members of Congress. Here, on the contrary, was the up-to-date method of regulating governmental action. Here we had the summons to the "folks back home" to rise up in their might and make their influence felt en bloc and en masse. To my way of thinking, there is nothing reprehensible in the typical example just narrated. It is popular government in action.

Broadly speaking, the publicity field at Washington is divided into three major branches: First, the branch devoted to special lines of business, or to business as a whole, as in the case of the Chamber of Commerce. In this category belong great organizations like the American Federation of Labor, the Railroad Brotherhoods and other associations of workers and the powerful farm groups; second, the organizations which pursue so-called ethical and moral objectives, devoid of commercialism, but are restlessly active in the domain of legislation and politics; and third, the organizations which concern themselves with patriotic causes, according to their respective lights, which often flash to cross-purposes. In this grouping come the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Sons of the American Revolution, the National War Mothers, the Navy League, the American Peace Society, the National Council for Prevention of War, and many others.

In the first-named group—business organizations—the described activities of the United States Chamber of Commerce suffice to indicate those carried on by individual organizations shepherding specific trade interests. For example: the National Mattress Manufacturers' Association has recently been considering, I am informed, the establishment of a headquarters in Washington for publicity purposes. It appears that this worthy industry is anxious for the enactment of a Federal law making it a felony to sell a second-hand mattress. Such laws already exist in some of the States, and elsewhere in the form of municipal laws. It is now desired that Uncle Sam shall by statute forbid anybody to sell a mattress which has already been slept upon. The net result of such a law, as I dare say you have surmised, would be to legalize the marketing of only new mattresses.

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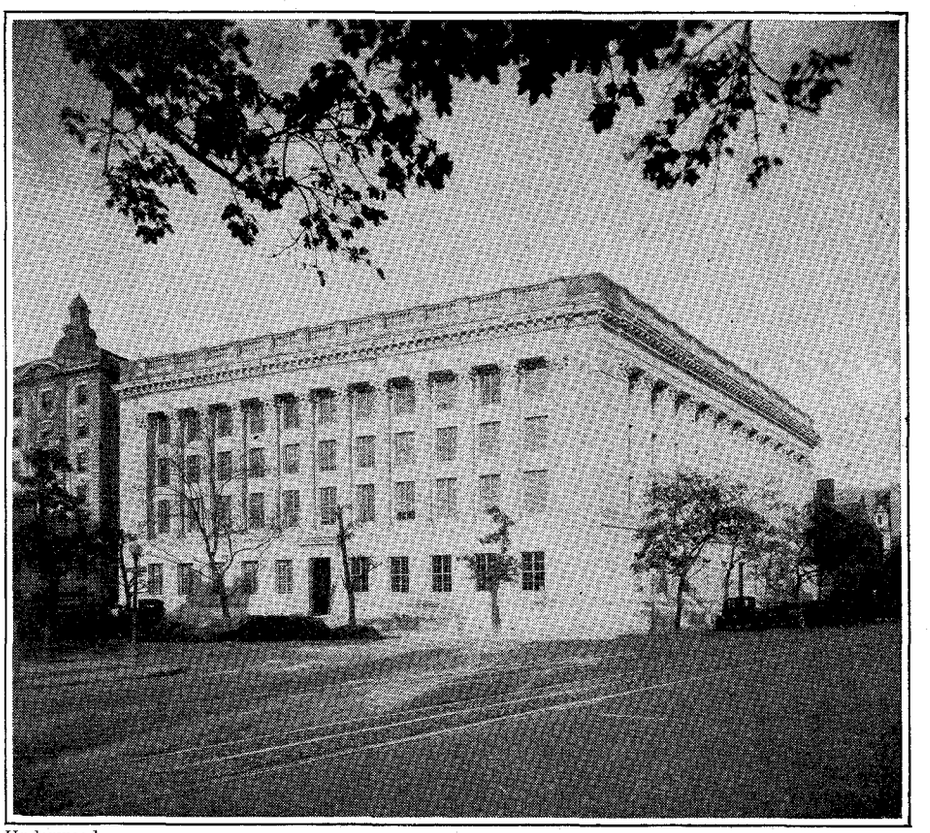

Underwood

THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

"The Chamber of Commerce at Washington inhabits a citadel, of physical extent and grandeur which outrival the finest government buildings in the city"

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A King, a Dictator, and Babies

By T. R. YBARRA

IN ITALY they tell this story—cautiously, of course, in whispers, with furtive looks behind doors to see whether unwelcome ears are listening: Once, when King Victor Emmanuel III was walking in the gardens of the Quirinal Palace at Rome with Signor Mussolini, he dropped his royal handkerchief. Mussolini immediately stooped, picked it up and restored it to the king. Victor Emmanuel thanked him. He thanked him again. He thanked him a third time—more effusively than ever. Then he thanked him all over again—simply overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude.

Mussolini was quite mystified.

"But, Your Majesty, why thank me in this manner?" he protested. "After all, it is but a trifling service that I have rendered."

"Oh, not at all, not at all!" exclaimed the King. "You do not know what a favor you have done me. Really, I must thank you once more."

"But why, Your Majesty?"

"Because my handkerchief is the only thing in all Italy into which I am still allowed to poke my nose!"

Repetition of this story becomes timely now that it is increasingly apparent that the relations between King Victor Emmanuel and the despotic head of Fascismo and the Italian Government are by no means as friendly as they should be. For a long time it has been an open secret that the King, being of a democratic turn of mind, objects to Mussolini's dictatorial, undemocratic methods. And it is also an open secret that Mussolini is not at all as respectful a subject of his royal master as he should be, according to European monarchical traditions, that he has pushed Victor Emmanuel more and more into the background.

He showed his unfriendliness plainly when he jammed through the Upper and Lower Chamber of the (now defunct) Italian Parliament his recent measure changing the law of succession to the Italian throne. As the law stood, the abdication of the King would have as its necessary result the accession to the throne of his son and heir. The new Mussolini measure provides that, if the King abdicates, the Fascist Council shall determine who his successor is to be, which alters the situation.

This is taken generally as a threat aimed at King Victor Emmanuel by Mussolini. The latter has always been able to hold his possible abdication as a sword over Mussolini's head. In other words, should he have abdicated before the new law, as a protest against some autocratic act of Mussolini, he would have placed the latter in the position of being in direct opposition to the monarchy. This, in view of the great popularity among Italians of the royal House of Savoy, might have been most embarrassing even to Benito.

Now, however, should the King abdicate, he runs the risk of barring his son and heir from the Italian throne and thus ending the history of the House of Savoy as a reigning dynasty, since Mussolini may so pull the wires that somebody entirely unrelated to the present Italian royal family may ascend the throne—or, maybe, he might even be so drastic as to see that no successor at all is named to succeed the abdicating monarch.

It looks like a neat trick on the King. And—if he cannot even abdicate—the little yarn about Mussolini and the royal handkerchief becomes more apropos than ever.

FOR POST WAR Europe life is just one worry after another. As if it were not enough for Europeans to be robbed of their sleep and the enjoyment of their meals by reparations, Communism, war debts, shipwrecks, landslides, short skirts and President Coolidge, they are now confronted with the sad news that the birth rate of their distressful continent is not at all what it should be.

We have heard for years, of course, about the falling birth rate of France. In fact, we—and, incidentally, most of the French—have grown so accustomed to it as to have become resigned. It looked as if the French birth rate had made a permanent alliance with Newton's law of gravitation.

But matters were far otherwise with lands like Germany and Italy. We remembered only too well how Germany clamored for a "place in the sun" because her population was increasing at such a staggering rate. We heard so often about how prolific the Italians were that we began to fear that, in some of the more crowded parts of the Italian peninsula, a considerable percentage of the population might be pushed into the sea and drowned.

But now German statistics show that the birth rate in Germany has fallen to such an extent that it is no higher than that of France! And now the Italians have suddenly set up a howl on contemplating their latest statistics, which prove—to the horror of the Fascisti!—that the Italian birth rate has been falling steadily for years!

"A sign of decay!" they shriek—and you know what the idea that anything in Fascist Italy is decaying means to a dyed-in-the-wool Mussolini-ite. It is little short of treason.

OF COURSE, one must bear in mind that a fall in birth rate by no means implies that the population of a country is decreasing. There can be no actual decrease as long as the death rate *per annum* does not exceed the birth rate. The German population, for instance, despite *the drop* in the birth rate, is still increasing at the rate of about half a million Teutons yearly. Similarly, there are some 400,000 more Italians now than there were at this time last year. But the fact remains that, in Italy as in Germany, the actual birth rate has dropped. Moreover, there has been a slight increase in the Italian death rate—in a few Italian cities, in fact, births have scarcely exceeded deaths and, in Turin and Bologna, there were actually more deaths last year than births.

Mussolini is getting very much annoyed about it. He is scowling at Italian bachelors, taxing them heavily; he is exempting fathers of big families from taxes—quite à la Teddy Roosevelt. Up to now, however, his remedies have not succeeded in jacking up Italy's birth rate, and the chances seem to be that Benito, who has managed to regulate almost everything else in Italy, will have to admit himself—only to himself, of course—beaten by the babies, or by the lack of them.

So France and Britain, which Italians and Germans have long derided on account of their tendency to "race suicide" can afford to waggle an admonishing finger at Germany and Italy and chortle; "You're another!"

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The Forces Behind the Fever

A tip is very quiet,
It doesn't make much noise;
But what a sacred thing it is
Among the Wall Street boys.

By PAUL WILLARD GARRETT

Mr. Garrett diagnoses the fever of stock-buying and finds logical reasons for it. Among them he lists the merger movement in industry and its resulting economies, our position as creditor nation, and the outlook for a boom in world trade. He sees one dangerous symtom; the possibility that long continued buying will deprive business of working capital, with serious consequences to both industry and the market. Mr. Garrett is financial editor of the "New York Evening Post"

WHEN Saphronia Tibbs wrote that homely verse she had in mind the scraps of market information that were passed around in the financial district in the days of Gould, Harriman, and Keen. She did not know the time was to be when, on wires "straight" from "headquarters," such tips would flow to every crag and crevice of this conservative land.

The tickers that once served a concentrated district around the Stock Exchange building in Wall Street now flash market transactions instantaneously to such far-separated corners of the land as Seattle, San Francisco and Miami. From the floor of the Exchange to the brokers' offices in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and in Wichita, Kansas, the machinery is geared to speed the volume of orders rolling in and out. And through these instruments the public has taken possession of history's greatest bull market—a market that went utterly wild on Hoover's election, and moved steadily upward until from mere over-excitement it fell in early December.

That is why no statistical analysis of the market can reveal the roots of the 1928 stock enthusiasm. Statistics do not portray the psychology of an imaginative nation. And it is in the emotions of a rich people, exploring the mysteries of the market for the first time, that we must look to find the secret behind of a romantic bull movement in stocks that has shattered all world records. It takes imagination and emotion to bid stocks up so fast as to enhance the market worth of a corporation by a million dollars in a day, another million on another day and still another million on another day. Yet a ten-point rise for concerns of 100,000 outstanding shares is a modest performance nowadays in a session of wild trading. Yes, Americans have imagination—plenty of it.

It is not difficult to believe that "Hoover" prosperity in its own way during the next four years will fatten many plums for American stockholders. A panorama of possibilities is presented through the glass. But dreams they are still. The new harvest has not been gathered.

Yet since November 6 the market has swung forward at a dizzy pace. It was nowhere predicted six weeks ago. Many a shrewd operator liquidated his holdings previous to the election in the full expectation that once the good news was out this towering market at last would fall. Now we know it did no such thing. Instead of making the public satisfied with the stocks it had, the election encouraged people to reach out for more. Bankers, investment trusts and wealthy individuals that sold stock in September and October began to buy it back at higher levels in November.

The fever is in the air. Six-million-share days do not contain the thrill that came not long ago with a session of three million shares. A seat on the Stock Exchange—which after all scarcely carries with it the right of standing room—now commands around $600,000. Last year one could have been bought for $170,000. The stock tables are crowding everything else off the financial pages of our newspapers. Even the Curb Market, that once did a picturesque but unimportant business down on Broad Street without any roof over its head, now requires a full page unto itself. Roughly 4,000 miles of tape are consumed in a typical six-million-share day to tick off the stock trades on the Exchange. Over 2,100 telephones connect the outside world with the floors of the Stock Exchange and over these wires flow 1,500,000 calls in a five-hour session. For the 1,100 members conduct a business in 1,131 stocks valued at $61,000,000,000.

By degrees this wild market had until December been growing wilder. It all but defies a classification of its own advance. Yet to find the very beginnings of the present rise we must go back to September, 1921.

Through words written on a pad—and which today remain his latest public statement on stocks—Jesse Livermore predicted that the long bear market was ending and a long bull market beginning. His friend Harding had gone into the White House a few months before. The 1921 depression in business had run its course. Mr. Harding proposed to release all restrictions on industry. More business in government and less government in business was the Harding policy. Depression and the bear market went out; slowly at first, but surely, prosperity and the bull market came in. It was to be the misfortune of this shrewd market operator—temperamentally a bear—not to stick long enough by the great bull market he so spectacularly forecast. There have been setbacks but in a larger sense the turn upward in stocks that Livermore called in September, 1921, was the beginning of the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover prosperity market.

At their August, 1921, low the industrial stock averages touched 66. Then they began gradually to rise, suffering minor setbacks at first but finally developing momentum. By February, 1926, just previous to the March collapse, they reached a new level that stood then as a towering peak at 184—a full 118 points up in the averages.

It seemed incredible. Confidence was shaken by the unprecedented expansion in brokers' loans. Margins were thin. The market crumbled. By the end of March the industrials were down to 139. Then the upward movement was resumed. No new high was to be attained by the market as a whole again in 1926, but the end of the year found stocks back virtually at the level reached previous to the March break. It was an astonishing performance. Many waited for the market to turn definitely down again—but it never did.

Stocks rose briskly all during 1927. The pace quickened in 1928—the acceleration in the advance brought on by

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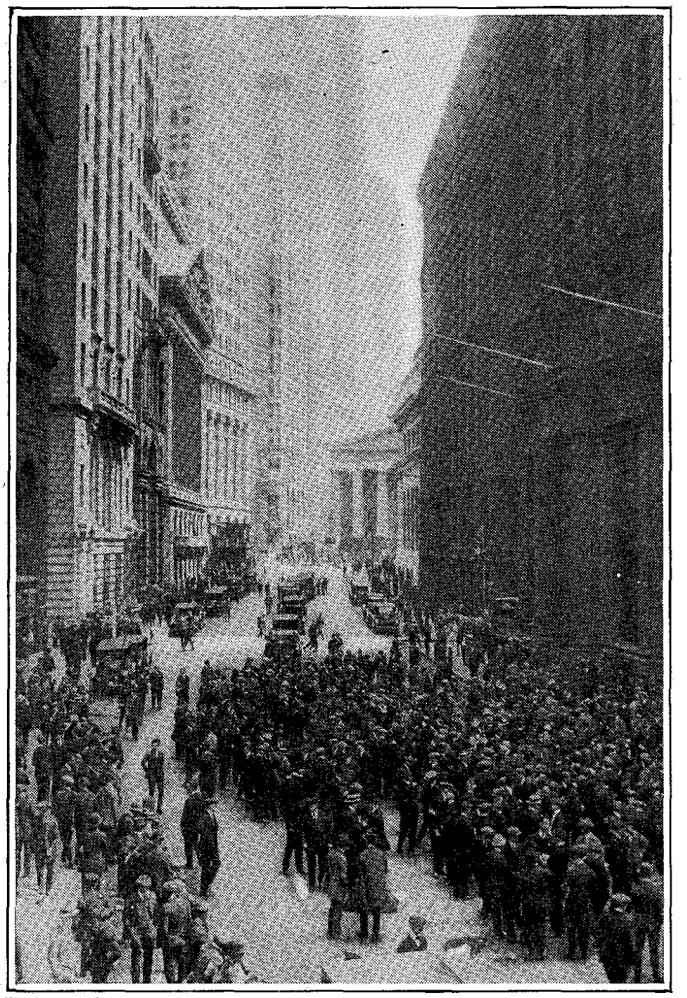
Hoover's election carried the industrial averages forward to 326. Nearly a full 100 of these points had been added since February this year. This new high peak in history for industrials stood 142 points above the high reached in 1926 just previous to the March break, and then regarded as the very top.

Where in the annals of history is there a skyrocketing display so dazzling and brilliant? The rise in the industrial averages of 118 points from August, 1921, to February, 1926, was impressive enough. But it has been followed by an advance of 142 points. That makes 260 points in all —from 66 to 326.

Is is any wonder the country has developed a craze for stocks? The lure of gold is strong. The modest purchase of 100 shares in 1921 might have been the basis of a 1928 fortune. At 66—assuming the purchaser did no more than buy the "averages"—the cost would have been $6,600 for what now is worth $32,600. And that does not tell the full story of riches brought through individual stocks in which handsome melons have been cut. Go a little further back and take General Motors as an example. The purchase of 100 shares at $100 a share at the organization of the company in 1908 would have cost $10,000. Through stock dividends these original shares have become 25,095 shares worth $2,183,265 today. From $10,000 to $2,183,265 without turning a hand is dizzy pace—little wonder this country likes its stocks.

The railroad stocks, for the first time in history perhaps, have been the laggards in this forward-moving procession—but there have been reasons. Intermittent revival of merger or consolidation talk has immediately stimulated the market in rail shares, but plainly the railroads under the strict eye of the Government are in no position to grind out fabulous profits. And nothing short of that would satisfy the speculative minded public of 1928.

When a record of this market is drawn up in years to come it will be found to have been richly favored by some powerful influences. Among these great constructive forces—for real constructive forces are back of the emotional speculative fever—may be 1. a recognition of the inevitable shift into securities by the American people with this country's emergence as a creditor Nation; 2. a permanent drop in the yield basis for stocks acceptable to investors; 3. a change from the old rule that stocks should sell at ten times earnings to a higher ratio; 4. the disappearance of money panics under the stabilizing leadership of the Federal Reserve system; 5. the Federal Reserve's easy money program in the fall of 1927; 6. a complete reversal of the Roosevelt fight to decentralize control in industry, and a move to consolidate corporate enterprises into larger and larger units—and the economies of these marriages; 7. reduction of the country's National debt; 8. the record-breaking prosperity of 1928 based on solid fundamentals and without commodity price inflation; and 9. the outlook for a boom in world trade in the next few years with the return of foreign purchasing power.



Underwood

"The Curb Market once did a picturesque but unimportant business down on Broad Street without any roof over its head"

The flow of gold to our shores continued after the war until this country was in possession of nearly half the world's metal. In a peculiar sense this stock market has been built on gold—the powerful credit supplied by accretions of metal providing the base for purchasing power through credit expansion. And it might reasonably be asked why the market has not turned definitely down in the last year, for $500,000,000 in gold has left the country.

But somehow more than a year ago—and knowing that in so doing they ran a danger of fanning the speculative fire—the Reserve officials deliberately set out to make money easy. This they did not do to boost stock prices still higher, but to avert gold imports and to strengthen business abroad. Through heavy purchases of Government securities, and a reduction in the rediscount rate, they got money low enough actually to start a gold export movement.

Between September, 1927, and September, 1928, a half billion dollars in gold moved out. But the full tightening pressure of this outflow on the money rates was avoided through the Reserve system's market operations.

It is true that in consequence the member banks eventually were forced to borrow heavily at the regional institutions to maintain a reserve position. As an indirect result call money has been higher this year—flurries of eight and ten per cent money have been seen.

The money rise has not disturbed the market greatly for the reason that credit at a price has always been available in abundant supply.

For nearly a year now the Federal Reserve officials have looked with concern on the rising stock market. The absorption of credit in the market touches the Federal Reserve system when funds needed in business are drawn off. The sensational rise in brokers' loans seemed to threaten a

(*Please Turn to Page 1422*)

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

A NEW medical contraption comes to hand, sent in by a doctor friend. Its official name is "Harrower's Organotherapeutic Indicator," and it is evidently for the benefit of physicians who might otherwise find themselves unable to prescribe for their patients. Around the edge of a celluloid disk is printed a long list of ailments: hay fever, anemia, neurasthenia, obesity—these are a few of the more startling items, and it is interesting to notice that even such potentially complex disturbances as "convalescence" and "backward children" are prescribed for. By revolving a little wheel in the center of the disk, the would-be prescriber reveals a crack opposite the name of the malady through which is seen the number of the Harrower Laboratory remedy for that malady. Clever, eh?

But why wouldn't it be more fun all around to rig up a machine like that "Electric Question Game" for children? This last, you may remember, was operated by fastening a wire to the "question" plug and touching, row by row, the "answer" plugs with another wire. The plug by the proper printed answer when touched caused a bell to ring.

"Doctor, I feel all used up. I ache all over and I have a bad cold."

The doctor hooks up the ailment plug and begins fishing for an answer. He goes up and down two full rows without any result. Hmm—looks like a stubborn case. Tries a third row. Not a tinkle. Well, I don't know that I ever saw another case precisely like yours. Another row. A set of cathedral chimes begins striking. Ha! Found! Now, old man, we'll have you fixed up in a jiffy. Let's read it:

"Eat lightly for a few days. Don't worry. Drink plenty of water. Stay in bed. It's just one of these little infections that are going around. Five dollars, please."

There's no reason why machines of this sort could not be used by almost any professional man. A man could walk into a law office, for instance, drop a few dollars into a slot, and walk out with a neatly printed ticket on which was set forth the ruling of the Oklahoma Supreme Court in the celebrated case of "Gherkin vs. the Consolidated Tack and Pushpin Co."

A fellow wearing a six-carat diamond stickpin and a pair of yellow gloves with black stitching marches in on an architect. "Seventy-five thousand dollars is my limit," he announces. Very well. The architect simply turns a crank, first pushing a button marked "Loud and Expensive," and out of a machine disguised as a radio cabinet or a parlor stove rolls a complete set of blueprints for a sixteen-room English-Italian cottage with a watchtower and a gas furnace, yellow brick exterior, a green tile roof and eight baths.

* * * *

IN CASE you are too occupied with the John Does and Richard Roes of the Rothstein case to read the news stories of Mr. Hoover's swing around the circle, this department comes to bat with relief in the form of a composite view of the Hoover entry into the various South American capitals. Read this and you need read no more.

To begin with—on page one of any self-respecting morning paper appears the account of how Mr. Hoover has just landed at some such place as Antofagasta, Callao, or somewhere else. Either the U.S.S. Maryland has just dropped anchor or else the Hoover car has just crossed some sort of a boundary. At any rate, he is being greeted, and the pier or station is thronged with at least 50,000 cheering Peruvians, Brazilians or Bolivians. (Some papers never say less than 100,000.) Whatever may be their nationality, you can gamble that they are all shouting: *"Viva! Viva!"* and at this point most dispatches contain the following composite sentence: "It was a welcome that will long be memorable in the land of *a,* The Incas; *b,* The Pampas; *c,* The Gauchos."

Having been met by Minister of Foreign Relations Manuel y Garcia—who, by the way, is the Personification of all Ministers of Foreign Relations—the party sets off down the main street "to the accompaniment of a tumultuous ovation."

Right here are usually inserted a few leaves from a Thos. Cook & Son booklet. As a specimen, you could hardly improve upon this little gem from the "New York Times:" "The picture was inspiring and one of great beauty. (A simple statement of fact that must be taken on faith.) Lima nestles in the giant foothills of the Andes, and in the city proper the great towers of the Cathedral built by the conqueror, Pizarro, point to the sky."

But despite this inspiring picture and great beauty, the party proceeds inflexibly on its errand of good will. Inevitably, it calls at the American Embassy and still on schedule pulls in at the President's Palace just in time for a luncheon. At this function, naturally, some explanation is in order as to what Mr. Hoover is there for, so the President gets right up and defines the status of Mr. Hoover as follows: "You have come among us to promote the cause of international amity and good will by more closely knitting the bonds of friendship and fellowship through which is developed the mutual understanding and confidence that makes for the peaceful and fraternal concord between two great nations, etc., etc." Mr. Hoover then confirms the President's theory by replying: "I have indeed come among you to promote the cause of international amity and good will by more closely knitting the bonds of friendship and fellowship through which is developed the mutual understanding and confidence that makes for the peaceful and fraternal concord between two great nations, etc., etc."

Thereupon, six or eight prominent guests take the floor and insist that Mr. Hoover has indeed come among them for the purpose of promoting the cause of international amity and good will by more closely knitting the bonds of friendship, etc., etc.

MR. HOOVER then slips quietly away—for although you can read all about his being "greeted," you scarcely ever hear of his departures—and turns up at a new capital.

With all this in mind, then, the reader may find that he can save valuable time, as he skims the morning paper, simply by reflecting—whenever a curiosity as to Mr. Hoover's journey assails him—that Mr. Hoover is, probably enough, just checking in at some South American capital in the manner outlined above.

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From the Life

Justice

By IBBY HALL

IN A LARGE city lives a little girl who was born responsible. There may be those little girls who from birth are indifferent to the parts life will ask them to play, and who begin early to look for the primrose path. But this child is not one of them.

At the age of eleven she has taken up the burden of womanhood, with all its uneasiness and anxiety for mankind. For, second only to her sense of womanhood is her instinct for law and order. She has never needed to ask where would her sex be without it. She has always known these things without words from babyhood.

The newspapers have chronicled but one episode of this little girl's life. And in this brief chronicle the only relatives mentioned are a father and a brother. These three are the Family.

On an afternoon not long ago, the little girl was filled with dismay. Her small brother, two years younger than herself and full of gaiety, had made a terrible discovery. She had thought him safe enough for he was playing at home. The four walls of the house protected him. His companion was another boy of ten, almost as grown-up as herself. What mischief was there for them to fall into? And then in a moment of threatening quiet he had discovered it. He had found their father's pistol.

For him it was a discovery fraught with delirious promises of excitement. The very sight of the weapon was enough to intimidate that ogre of authority, his sister. She shuddered and pleaded with him. She coaxed and scolded and retreated. It was marvelous! Life sprang flaming before his imagination in hues of glittering romance and dazzling adventures. Here was the toy his soul had craved, the open sesame to the most glamorous game in the world!

"Cops and robbers," he whispered in his excitement. "Cops and robbers!" he shouted, triumphantly, and turned with a flourish to his companion.

The ten-year-older caught the spark of this joyous contagion. "Cops and robbers!" he in his turn shouted exultingly, and the two of them took possession of the quiet home.

It was too thrilling a game to last long. You can pretend, you can even terrify the innocent with a toy pistol, but the value of a real pistol is its danger. It can be fired. They had taken turns in their hair-raising game; but when the moment of test arrived, the pistol was in the hands of the young brother. It was his finger that won dered on the unmoving trigger, if this pistol could really shoot? In that split second his brain was guiltless. There was an itch to know—and an explosion.

Earth and Heaven crashed together with that sound. In front of his strained and agonized eyes the scampering figure of his playmate lurched suddenly and tumbled strangely to the floor.

IT WAS ONLY the game that had terrified his sister. At the sound of that explosion the frightened little girl grew up. She ran to the fallen victim of the pistol shot. There was help to be got there quickly—bleeding to be stopped: only his arm, but it must be stopped. There were hurrying footsteps to be met—questions to be answered.

Neighbors—the boy's family—the police. In the growing excitement and bewilderment, she could scarcely understand why they wanted her father, but it was quite clear finally that he must be arrested. The pistol had belonged to him and that was enough. Her father was taken away to the station house. And where was the boy?

The injured boy had been taken home. There was no other boy to be found. The police looked at her sternly. Her heart, that had forgotten itself, beat violently once more in her slight chest, but she shook her head. No, she had not seen him, not since the shooting.

Well, then, she must understand her young brother was a fugitive from justice. It was no use trying to hide such a one. They were always tracked down and brought to justice in the end. It would be better for a fugitive from justice to give himself up at once. The law would be kinder to him.

The police departed, finally, and the little girl was left alone. She knew at once what she must do; she must find him before the police could track him down. Through one room, through the next, she called his name sharply, pushing aside furniture, looking for hiding places.

Suddenly she stopped. She knew he was not there—he had run away. She stood quite still while her mind ran hurriedly through the streets and houses in the neighborhood. But it was no use. He would have to come home, and she must be there waiting for him.

Darkness crept slowly through the rooms. Night came on and still there was no sign of him. By morning he had not returned. By noon she was terrified for him, and fighting her terror with resolution. He was only nine years old. Where had he slept? What had he found to eat? The police by now would have begun to track him down. When they found him what would they do to him? If he had stayed at home they could not have done very much. After all, it was only in the arm—and it had stopped bleeding very quickly—and he had never meant to do such a thing. But now he had become that dreadful thing, a fugitive from justice! She shivered as she remembered it. Many a time she had seen the cat, stealthy and quiet, above a mouse hole. In the end justice would catch him.

IT WAS LATE in the day when the fugitive returned. When she looked up and saw him she caught her breath and her side hurt her suddenly.

He had been on the streets, he told her, trembling. He had run through the streets all night and he had had nothing to eat. Would she please give him something to eat? And what were they going to do to him now?

The sister who had grown up so quickly explained hurriedly that it had been only in the arm. Then she fed the fugitive from justice and saw that he was warm again.

But all the time her mind was grappling with a problem. She was struggling to make a new picture of justice. Justice wanted to see him, to talk to him, to tell him that guns must not be played with. She must somehow make it look like God, so that he would not be too frightened.

And when she had succeeded in making it look like God, she explained it to him very firmly and with superior kindness. Then she took him by the hand and set out for the station house.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

AT FIRST THOUGHT, one would not imagine that a play about New York society in 1870 would be likely to induce new ideas about the present generation. But so distinctively is this the case with the dramatization of Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence," in which Katharine Cornell is now starring, that we are moved to admiration, both for the texture of the play itself, and for the performance given it by the actors now at the Empire Theater.

For it is not merely a picture of New York in 1870, which "The Age of Innocence" presents. It is a portrayal of a whole code of ethics, a whole set of rules for social conduct; in a sense, a complete picture of the realities of a Victorian civilization which is rapidly passing. We say this with all the more assurance, because, popular as the book was, we never read it. We went to see the play with a perfectly fresh mind and were impressed simply by the play itself.

As a dramatic work, it is not exceptionally distinguished. Part of its attempt to reproduce the genuine atmosphere of a bygone high society is a little strained, a little over-emphasized, a little overacted. The story is replete with conversation which lacks theatrical value. Its tempo is slow, and there is a leisureliness about its climaxes which to many people might prove a little disappointing.

There remains, nevertheless, a content of undeniable emotion and ideas which leaves a most definite impression upon the mind. This impression is, that the Victorian age had worked out completely a set of values in life so well understood, so definitely marked, that one's course in life could be clearly charted. Right and wrong were as distinct as black from white. If one transgressed certain rules, one paid for it. One might find it hard to make one's life conform to the standard of behavior, but a very definite compensation lay in the intangible values of honor and conscience.

The two most dramatic illustrations of this in "The Age of Innocence" are, first, the incident which precipitates the situation which dominates the play. In 1870, a man could not break his engagement to a young lady of position without damage to his honor and to hers. He might discover that he had made a mistake, he might realize that he was in love with another woman—there could be many reasons why he ought not to marry the girl to whom he was engaged. But the social code said that he must not break the engagement.

The second illustration comes later in the play. It consists of the observance of the simple rule that a man who is in love with another woman, and who proposes to leave his wife, under no circumstances should discuss the situation with her face to face. Instead, he must write her a letter which saves her the pain and anguish of an unprofitable, painful interview.

FROM a modern standpoint, these two acts would be considered dishonorable. It probably would be conceded by the majority of the critics of our present social order that a man who married a woman with whom he was not in love would be ruining her life by beginning a pretense which he could not possibly sustain; one which would render impossible any future happiness between them. The part of honor would be a frank discussion of the situation and a breaking of the engagement. So, we imagine, would be the general judgment of a man who gave his wife no opportunity either to discuss or to rectify a situation which had produced unhappiness between them. The desire not to inflict such anguish upon another person is too clearly seen nowadays as merely a wish to avoid pain and anguish for one's self.

Yet, in "The Age of Innocence" both these incidents are presented, and convincingly, too, as part of the honorable code of the hero.

In any event the play presents real people, struggling to make their emotions fit a well-defined standard of conduct from which there is no escape. So strong is this valuation of honor that to break any of the rules is considered tantamount to betraying society itself back into a primitive state where there is no honor—a situation which the heroine has already experienced in her life abroad with a profligate husband, before the play opens.

Through all the scenes runs this poignant portrayal of humanity confined within the straitjacket of social rules, beating its breast in despair, swept by all the emotional disturbances which one associates with the present generation, and not with the Victorian, and emerging in the end broken, vastly unhappy, but with the compensation of having done the "right thing." One cannot see such a play, done so convincingly, with such color and intelligence, and not realize the gulf that lies between such a world and this present.

The triumph of the "Age of Innocence" is that in a decade which no longer accepts the code of ethics upon which the play is based, the drama itself is always convincing, complete in itself and infinitely moving. For Katharine Cornell it is a genuine triumph very far removed from her performances in "The Green Hat" and "The Letter."

As for the plot itself, it is enough to say that it details the emotional adventures, within the Victorian straight jacket, of a charming New York girl of the seventies, who has made an unfortunate marriage with a European nobleman, and has returned to New York society, neither débubante, wife nor divorcee—merely a woman of passion separated from her husband, and bound by all the rules of conduct not to destroy the lives of others.

CERTAINLY, for any one who happens to be in New York during the next week, we can imagine two no more interesting evenings than to journey over to Hoboken to Christopher Morley's Rialto Theater the first night and see the melodrama of 1868 "After Dark (or Neither Maid, Wife Nor Widow)," and then spend the next evening at the Empire Theater viewing "The Age of Innocence." As a sincerely presented and most entertaining presentation of a melodramatic craft of the time, "After Dark" ranks way ahead of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," as presented last year, and comes very close to being as excellent an entertainment as "When Crubles Played," lately at the Garrick. Viewed during the same week with "The Age of Innocence" it will reward the beholder with a complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago.

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The World This Week

An Omnium Gatherum

EVEN if it is an unconstitutionally constituted body consisting of partly unrepresentative Representatives, Congress is still supposed to respond to public opinion. Perhaps it is not to be blamed for being confused, for just now public opinion is a bit confusing. At least the public seems to have a good many things on its mind.

There is the Kellogg Peace Pact for instance. And just when that treaty to renounce war is before the Senate, and Mr. Hoover is on a trip promoting good will in South America, and the Pan-American Conference is in session in Washington to advance the cause of the peaceful settlement of disputes, Bolivia and Paraguay threaten each other with war. The press of this country naturally seizes on this coincidence for a peg on which to hang opinions. On the whole, though it is a bit sardonic, editors regard it as distinctly fortunate. But for different reasons. From one point of view it is fortunate as a warning against too hasty an acceptance of good intentions in place of self-protection. Both Bolivia and Paraguay profess to be acting in self-defense. Who is to judge? Will a nation turn over to somebody else its alienable right of deciding on its own safety? Here then is a question under dispute that touches the Kellogg Treaty. If we ratify, some argue, let us first be sure what it is we are ratifying. Yes, answer others, we shall have to come to leaving even self-defense to the judgment of our neighbors. Most newspapers use the Bolivia-Paraguay conflict as an example of just the sort of trouble that the Peace Pact is most likely to avert. There are other means of self-defense besides war. It is to these other means that the Peace Pact commits the nations. Besides, the Pact will further the object of the Pan-American Conference to discover new ways of conciliation and arbitration and it will promote the resort to the World Court. Apparently Bolivia and Paraguay have done the nations a favor by furnishing a dramatic horrible example. Conclusion—ratify the Kellogg Treaty.

Then there is the Cruiser Bill. The opinion seems to prevail in its favor. But with it an opinion is forming that the whole naval question will not be settled till we come to some understanding with Great Britain about the law of the sea, and especially about the rights of neutral ships. Few American newspapers seem to be satisfied with the view that a big navy is all right for Great Britain but bad for the United States. Very few if any editorials suggest that the real question underneath naval rivalry may be economic. For the immediate future the conclusion seems to be—build the cruisers and start now.

Two other subjects involve our relations with other countries—prohibition and the Vestris report. Prohibition, because of the rum-running over

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

Government Report on Big Game Hunting Along The Canadian Border

the Canadian border. The Vestris report, because it involves a British ship. There is no disposition to blame Canada for the rum-running. Drys seem to hope much from growing sentiment against bootlegging and from negotiations with the Canadian Government. Wets, rather ironically, call for huge appropriations—not to stop bootlegging but to prove that bootlegging cannot be stopped and that the drys are hypocrites. As for the Vestris, there is no international ill-feeling. On the contrary there is a demand for Congress to revise our laws for safety at sea and a call for an American Plimsoll. (The class may look him up in the encyclopedia.)

Boulder Dam has, too, an international aspect, because water from the Colorado River is used for irrigation in Mexico. There are two strongly opposing views about the dam that still is called by the name of Boulder Canyon, though the preferred site is at Black Canyon. One is that the project is a humbug to get Uncle Sam, under pretense of flood control, to supply California with cheap water-power. The other is that the issue is between public and private interests, and that opposition is camouflaged propaganda on behalf of the power companies. Though the Senate has passed the Boulder Dam bill, the differences with the House will have to be ironed out. Conclusion—go slowly, but go.

Of course immigration has an international aspect although it is primarily a domestic question. There are urgent pleas to stop the leak of immigrants from Mexico. The Secretary of Labor's plea to apply the quota system to our Northern and Southern borders has not fallen on deaf editorial ears. The sentiment for restricted immigration is overwhelming—in fact virtually unanimous.

On one subject public opinion, as voiced in editorials in daily newspapers is practically unanimous. President Coolidge's proposal for a refuge for the President for at least week-end visits, from the heat and turmoil of Washington in some highland not far from the capital is greeted with approval. Mr. Coolidge's plea is not for himself but for his succesors. And not the least argument in its favor is that it will be a godsend to every future First Lady of the Land.

The Fitness of Roy West

THE SENATE may still refuse to confirm Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior, but for reasons quite different from those advanced when President Coolidge named him. Instead of supporting the original opinion that West, as a reputed associate of Samuel Insull, was a dominant figure in the twin worlds of super-power and super-politics hearings before the Senate Public Lands Committee seem to show he was not even an Insull pawn.

West's fitness was challenged because of his ownership of Insull stock, and because of his supposed legal and polit-

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Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

His Mistake

ical connections with the public utility magnate. The general impression was that there was something sinister about their association, as illuminated by West's appointment and some of Insull's known political activities. The latter's large contributions to the campaign of Frank L. Smith, who was denied a Senate seat because of his acceptance of Insull's largesse, made it appear that the hydro-electric promoter was again seeking to advance his vast projects by placing a friend in high place. Insull's applications for valuable water-power sites in Tennessee, which are now before the commission of which West is a member by virtue of his Cabinet office, were taken as additional evidence of his designs.

Now it turns out that West's Insull holdings, first acquired in 1897, have never totaled more than $67,000, and that in selling them for $118,000 before he took office he lost money in the Hoover market. It also develops that his legal fees from Insull's companies amounted to only $24,500 over a period of twenty-six years. This sum was not paid for Napoleonic or policy-making advice, but for his services in prosecuting thefts of copper wire and shiny quarters from Mr. Insull's electric-light meters. And in the contest between Smith and the late Senator McKinley, West supported the man whom Insull's money helped to defeat.

West's attitude toward renewal of the Salt Creek lease to Harry F. Sinclair also came under examination, only to disclose that West had had no attitude. Again, it seems, he was not even a pawn. Sinclair was allowed to exercise his illegal option under the administration of West's predecessor, Dr. Hubert Work. Even before West took office, the whole question had been referred to the Department of Justice by President Coolidge, and when the Department declared the contract invalid, West canceled it. He did as he was told.

This characteristic of acquiescence, however, is held against him by many Senators. Moreover, they insist that, as an urban man apparently sympathetic to the big, Eastern power interests, he does not possess the background or viewpoint necessary for proper administration of the public domain. Recent events in the Department of Interior indicate, in their opinion, that the man who occupies this post should be more suspicionless than Cæsar's wife. A robust figure with courage and convictions, they contend, is needed to repair past damages and to formulate water-power policies of vast concern to future generations. Thus the very evidence which seems to shatter their original arguments against West convinces them that he does not fill the bill.

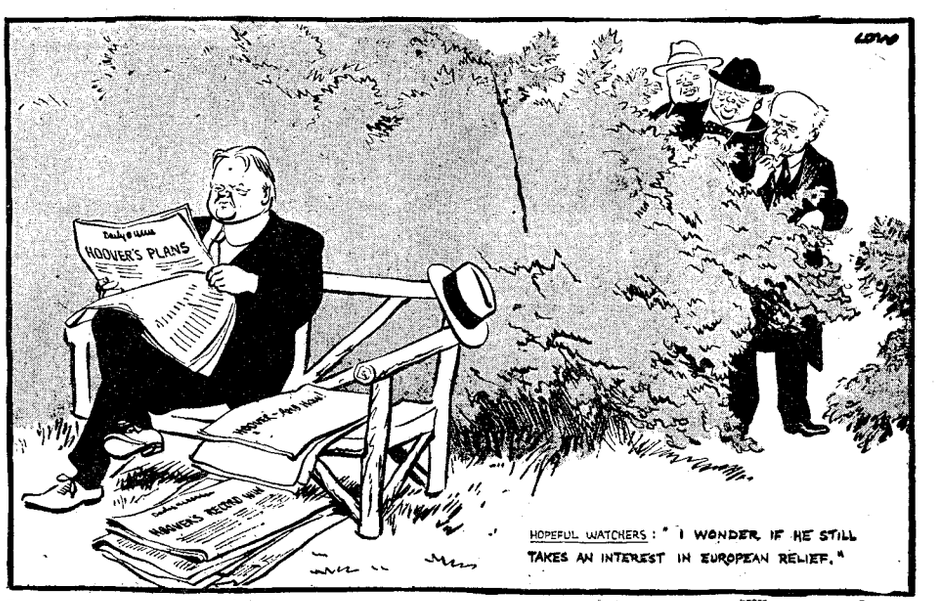
▸▸*Reapportionment*

THOUGH THE CONSTITUTION provides for reapportionment after each decennial census, there has been no such reallocation since the 1910 counting of noses. Los Angeles, which was a comparatively small city in that year, is now a metropolis of more than 2,000,000, and Detroit likewise. The two Republican States of Texas and Virginia, rapidly becoming industrialized, have gained in population, while Mr. Coolidge's native State and others in the Middle West have suffered because of the trek to the cities.

Many efforts to correct this manifestly unfair situation have failed, and the refusal of Congress to put its house in order has been held violative of the Constitution by many good lawyers. Within recent years the movement for reapportionment has become more persistent, until this year many members adopted the extreme course of threatening to filibuster following the passage of routine appropriation bills. So House leaders have discovered that sentiment has changed since a reapportionment measure was defeated by twenty-two votes in the last session.

The Fenn Bill, which seems to have the approval of all factions, provides for retention of the present membership of 435. Nobody would support a measure making the House more cumbersome than it is now; but on the other hand, any proposal to eliminate sitting members through legislative action would get nowhere. It smacks too much of turning the House into a suicide club. Under the Fenn Bill decennial reapportionment would be carried out automatically by the Department of Commerce acting as the agent of Congress. The first change would be made after the 1930 census, and insofar as is possible, the average Congressional district will consist of 275,000 persons, as against a present range from 160,000 in Missouri to more than 2,000,000 in Michigan and California.

Action in the House before March 4 seems assured, but it is doubtful if such



Low in the London Evening Standard

AS ENGLAND VIEWS US

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a controversial measure can pass the more loquacious Senate before adjournment. If not, reapportionment will be another of the many problems left as a legacy to Herbert Hoover by the present Administration. It is, perhaps, the kind of a job an engineer would like.

▸▸War!

FIGHTING between Bolivia and Paraguay over a century-old boundary dispute broke out early in December just as the International Conference of American States on Conciliation and Arbitration was assembling in Washington and the Council of the League of Nations was meeting in Lugano. Both the Americas and all Europe were at once aroused, and tentative offers of mediation and conciliation poured into the capitals of the two quarreling nations from Washington and Lugano and from the capitals of other Latin American countries. The clash was not only the gravest that South America has seen for a long period of years, but it also presented a test of the whole system of peaceful settlement of controversies that the nations have been engaged actively in recent months in building.

The differences between Bolivia and Paraguay concern ownership of over 100,000 acres of largely swamp land called "El Gran Chaco," extending from the eastern slope of the Andes Mountains eastward toward the Pilcomayo and Paraguay Rivers. Each country bases a claim upon its own interpretation of a compact made in 1810, when the South American colonies of Spain broke away from the rule of Madrid. Last year the two contestants agreed to set up a joint boundary commission in Buenos Aires, Argentine, to adjust their difficulties; but they failed to achieve an accord.

In October Paraguayan newspapers asserted that Bolivian forces were advancing in the disputed region. Reports of skirmishes between detachments of troops followed from time to time. On December 7 Bolivian newspapers declared that Paraguayan soldiers had attacked a small garrison at the Bolivian outpost, Fort Vanguardia, killing more than twenty, and taking the fort, which was later recaptured. Bolivia broke off relations with Paraguay, the people began to demonstrate for war, and the Government called several classes of troops to the colors; while Paraguay appealed to the League of Nations. Bolivia at first withdrew from the Conference of American States in Washington, and then returned at the request of the Conference and of Secretary Kellogg. Then, just after the Conference had appointed a peace commission and tendered its good offices in an attempt to settle the dispute, Bolivian forces attacked and, after severe fighting, captured the Paraguayan Fort Boqueron. The official communiqué of the Bolivian Ministry of War included the statement that the nation "has the unescapable duty to exact satisfaction."

▸▸Ears for Airplanes

ONLY THOSE who have been bewildered in a fog, whether on a ship, on an airplane, or even afoot on an unknown terrain, can appreciate fully the value

Acme

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Ambassador Dwight Morrow and Secretary of State Kellogg leaving the Pan-American Conference in Washington

of a new "sense" that has just become available to the airplane as the result of research performed at the Schenectady laboratories of the General Electric Company and described recently by the inventor-scientist Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson. As a result of this research the aviator will now be able to ascertain instantly his height above a landing field; or, when en route through fog or dawn or night, to learn his height above the earth or perhaps a mountain slope which he might otherwise be approaching unawares.

In the new method a modified form of radio apparatus is employed. Its function is not, however, communication; it sends ether waves toward the earth and these waves are again reflected upward to the source. One must now recall a simple experiment performed in school days, though with sound waves instead of ether waves. A tuning fork is held above a tall cylindrical beaker and water is gradually poured into the beaker, in effect shortening the column of air kept in vibration by the humming fork. At certain points as the water creeps upward the sound becomes very much louder; these are the places where the air column is just long enough so that the sound reflected from the bottom reinforces the next sound wave by the fork. But at certain intermediate points the note of the tuning fork becomes scarcely audible because the returning or reflected wave of sound meets the newly made wave head on and the two cancel one another.

The new device for airplanes works on a similar principle except that it uses radio waves instead of sound waves. There are certain secondary features which need not be explained here.

A landing made in a fog will now combine some element of certainty with the guess work which has characterized most landings in similar circumstances.

▸▸"Big Three" in China

THREE developments lately have shown the growing strength of the Chinese Nationalist Government at Nanking. The first was the signature by Belgium and Italy of new treaties with China, agreeing to concede Chinese tariff autonomy and further to withdraw their consular jurisdiction and so to end the special extraterritorial privileges of their citizens in China on January 1, 1930. Germany and Russia renounced these privileges some time ago; France and Spain are said to be preparing to do so. The United States treaty covering this point does not expire until 1933; but the Chinese are hopeful that American action will come before that time.

The second event was the publication of the new schedule of tariff duties that the Nationalists propose to make effective on February 1, 1929. It contemplates an average increase of about 25%, ranging from 7.5% on needles to 59% on cigarettes. Japan refuses to consider the schedule as legal; but the other Powers seem inclined to accept it.

Third, and perhaps most important

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from the point of view of governmental strength, Gen. Yen Hsi-shan has visited Nanking and accepted the post of State Councillor and Minister of the Interior. He is the progressive Governor of the "model province" of Shansi; and his definite accession to the administration of President Chiang Kai-shek, together with Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, puts the "Big Three" of Chinese military and political power in what appears to be an alliance for the unity of China.

➢➢*Again Mr. Tilden et al*

TENNIS OFFICIALS, having tried for a time the experiment of doing without William Tatum Tilden, II, are now wrestling with the problem of what to do *with* him. At this writing this Mother Cary's chicken of sport—actor, author, correspondent, critic, coach of the young tennis idea, big brother of the little brothers of the net, "or whatever," as the Pennsylvania Dutch so aptly put it when in a quandary—is touring the one night stands, westward bound. Between trains he has refused to say anything about the decision of the Holcombe Ward committee on amateurism which keeps him for another month or so in that misty mid region just outside the amateur ranks and just inside the barrier to the playing professional; but it is apparent that until he does have something to say the situation will be that of status quo.

It is perhaps significant that the committee is at work on a revised player-writer rule that might win the errant one back to the amateur ranks. However, it is inferred that Tilden will have to approach the committee uncovered and making genuflections in order to obtain reinstatement. There seems an excellent chance that he will do so. On his own admission he is growing old, in the tennis sense at least, and is no longer in the lordly position he once occupied. But if Tilden's mere presence can no longer insure the success of a tournament so far as gate receipts are concerned, his fundamental value to the game remains. He is still an institution. It is to be hoped that at the meeting in February, at which the question again will arise, there will be abandonment of the stiff-necked attitude on both sides. Tilden has some reasonable complaints to make, and so has the committee, which, despite certain ineptitudes in facing a situation that has become tiresome to the tennis public, is devoted to the amateur ideal.

Judging the Future by the Past

One Hundred Years Ago This Week

THE "NEW YORK EVENING POST" of December 20, 1828, takes notice of a movement which has since become a noble experiment:

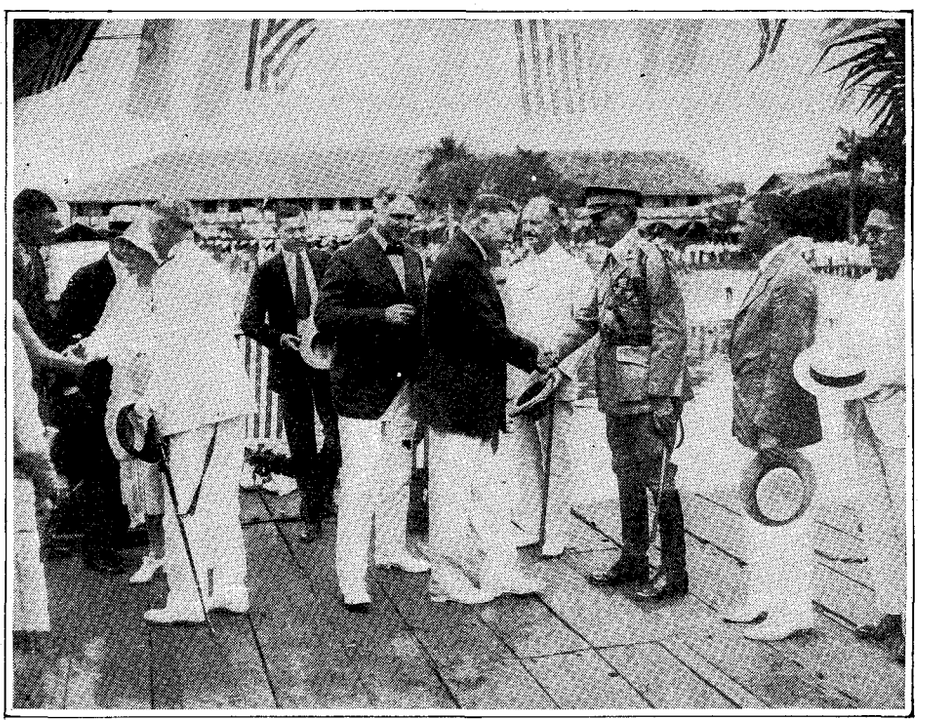
"A society for the promotion of temperance has been formed at Glastenbury Connecticut. A meeting was held on the 29th ult. and resolutions adopted to regulate the conduct and practice of its members. They declare their belief that the moderate use of ardent spirits is, for persons in health, not only unnecessary, but injurious—that it is the cause of intemperate appetite and habits, and that while it continues, intemperance with its wide-spread and desolating evils can never be prevented.

THE FOLLOWING ITEM from the same paper, under the same date, would seemingly indicate progress in another line:

"The scandalous manner in which the Sabbath is profaned, in the very heart of the city, and in the neighborhood too of several of the churches, while service is going on within their walls, calls loudly for correction. The laws for the securing of due observance of the Sabbath are suffered to remain a dead letter, and we fear will, so long as we have to depend upon the present incumbent in office to see that they are put in force. For several Sundays past, and particularly last Sunday, all the vacant lots on Broadway, from Bleecker Street to 8th Street, were filled with gangs of boys and men playing ball, shouting and bellowing forth the most obscene and foul language. . . . If things go on as they have done for some time past, we shall beat New Orleans all hollow in our pastimes on Sunday."

REPORT of the Secretary of the Navy as quoted in the "New York Evening Post," December 21, 1828:

"Our navy is yet small in number, though we hope not feeble in efficiency. Including the vessels built and building, and for which provision has been made by law, there are twelve ships of the line, twenty frigates, sixteen sloops of war and four schooners. . . . These are sufficient for the present interest of the nation; and their increase to any greater extent will probably not be required for a long period in our future history. . . . Under wise . . . . administration our coasts and commercial interests may always be protected by an active force. . . . Our safety lies in our peculiar position, and in having our small Navy in the most perfect state for efficiency and action."



Wide World

MR. HOOVER'S ARRIVAL IN NICARAGUA

The President-elect being greeted by General Feland, commanding the marines in Nicaragua

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The Bears Growl

DURING THREE DAYS at the beginning of December the stock market declined further than in any other similar period in recent years. The recession, newspapers told us, was a "collapse," a "terrific contraction of prices," "almost a panic" and many other awful things. Without any doubt, many heedless speculators who had been gambling on thin margins were wiped out and no one who owned stocks really relished the minus signs in the tables. But except to nervous speculators the decline was of no great significance. The Dow, Jones averages declined something less than 10 per cent. This brought prices back to about their levels at the time of Mr. Hoover's election. The community at large cannot grow very worried over the fact that a certain stock selling on Wednesday at 44 had dropped to 40 by Saturday.

The decline, however, did put a stop to the speculative mania which might have grown dangerous. It was definitely beneficial in that respect.

The market may decline another 10 per cent or it may not but two things are pretty certain. One is that a real bear market is almost impossible with general business in such a thoroughly healthy condition. The other is that the market will require a period of convalescence before it can start another rousing advance.

Speeding the Mail

"GETTING THE MAIL THROUGH FIRST" will have new significance within the next five years. It will mean, so W. Irving Glover told the International Civil Aeronautics Conference, sending all first-class mail by air. "Just as the Post Office Department has been quick to use every means of transportation in getting mail to the most remote parts of the country with utmost speed," said Mr. Glover, who has charge of the Government's air-mail service, "so we have decided that the airplane must replace other means of transportation for all first-class mail." Within five years, he promises, the Post Office Department will have so extended its routes and expanded its facilities that this policy can be realized.

Meanwhile, next month the air mail will follow the trail blazed by Lindbergh through Central America, as far south as Colon, Panama, and San Juan in the West Indies. Within a few days, bids will be advertised for a new link through Colombia, Ecuador and Peru to Santiago, Chile. The Department hopes to have planes flying the route by next July.

America Worries England

MANY SIGNS are showing with what seriousness the British people think of their relations with the United States. The questions of the Kellogg peace treaty and of a naval agreement overshadow in public discussion even the problem of a new experts' plan for German reparations. In the House of Parliament, leaders of the Labor opposition such as Lt. Commander Kenworthy and Col. Wedgewood, badger Prime Minister Baldwin about a naval conference with the United States and the necessity of closer cooperation with America regarding reparations. The powerful British League of Nations Union, supported by such men as Viscount Cecil, Lord Lytton, and Prof. Gilbert Murray, demands in a memorandum on foreign policy an immediate understanding on armaments with the United States, free from the domination of "technical considerations." And the London "Times" writes in favor of the Kellogg treaty:

"That is a document binding its signatories in regard to recourse to arms . . . as an international offense. If and when it is ratified, it is bound to modify previous calculations . . . In particular its bearings on the requirements and objects of naval and military defense will need to be studied in several countries, including our own. The pact is a first step in a sequence which may strip the definitions and limitations of belligerent and other rights at sea of all but academic interest." This would lay down new premises on which any Anglo-American controversy over naval limitation and sea law might be more easily adjusted than in the past.

Remarkable Remarks

Taken as a whole the girls of today are *indisputably inferior* in beauty to those of the past.—GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

I've never married because I cannot reconcile myself to the thought of just one wife.—SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Only sex seems to offer perennial stimulating value to men and women.—JOHN B. WATSON.

There are crazy people even in California.—JOHN BARRYMORE.

The vilest and most abiding hatreds that now rack the world are hatched and fostered at the altar of God.—H. L. MENCKEN.

I distinctly resent being called an intolerant bigot by the followers of the Pope.—BISHOP JAMES CANNON.

I will admit that the man I voted for was elected by bigotry and superstition.—DR. WILL DURANT.

Miracles are the nursery rhymes of religion.—REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

Of all our modern miracles, the movietone is perhaps the most amazing. — PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Women, on the whole, are tasteless unless they are directed by men.—ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Law and Prohibition

IN THE NEXT SESSION of Michigan's Legislature there will be a fight to repeal that section of the State's new criminal code which makes bootlegging a major crime, punishable, upon a fourth conviction, by life imprisonment. Review of this habitual criminal statute, enacted at the last session, has been precipitated by the fourth conviction of Mrs. Etta Mae Miller for selling intoxicating liquors and her impending sentence to life imprisonment. State Senator Seymour H. Person, counsel for Mrs. Miller, will lead the fight on the floor of the Legislature.

Two weeks ago we told the story of Channie Tripp, the first offender to be given a life sentence for liquor-law violations. Mrs. Miller is the second, and the first woman to be convicted under the law. She is the mother of ten children and has a husband now serving a two-year sentence in State prison.

When they passed the law, Michigan's legislators presumably did not have in mind the Mrs. Millers and the Channie Tripps. The State has been troubled by crime and a means of putting away dangerous and habitual offenders was doubtless welcomed as at least a partial solution to the problem. But the law is no respecter of felonies. Burglary is a felony; selling a bottle

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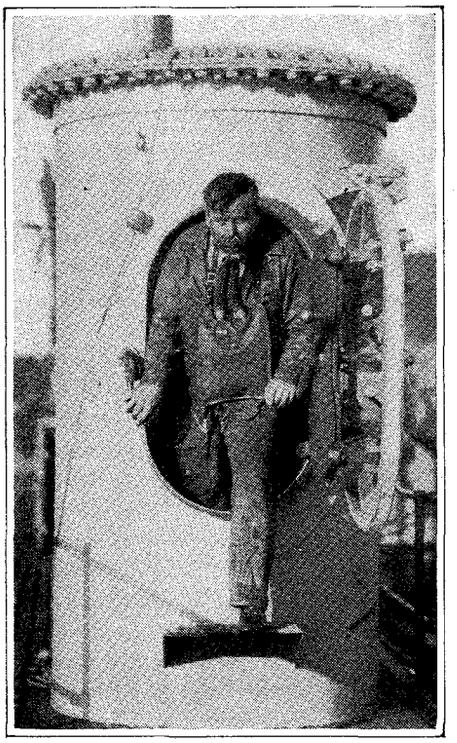


Underwood

TESTING RESCUE DEVICES IN THE S-4

Man emerging from an escape lock equipped with a "lung," one nozzle of which permits him to inhale oxygen, the other to exhale breath

of wine is a felony. Conviction for either, multiplied by four, means life imprisonment. That Mrs. Miller's other offenses were not considered particularly serious is obvious from the sentences she received: one for sixty days and two for six months. A burglar, on the other hand, would presumably have drawn fifteen to twenty years for his third offense. But everything evens up at the fourth. The Mrs. Millers and the burglars get life. Michigan's law is doubtless an excellent means of dealing with dangerous offenders. But until some discrimination can be legislated into it, the statute seems less likely to work for good than for evil.

▸▸ *Roofing the Galloping Game*

THE CONTAGION of indoor polo, one of the best and most progressive of our indoor games, is spreading rapidly. The winter season has opened with the game in high favor in the Pacific Northwest, with the famous Black Horse Troop of Cleveland steamed up about it, and with Cincinnati reporting an increased number of players. Excellent players are in the saddle in Boston, Philadelphia, Springfield, Massachusetts and Buffalo; and, of course, there are the college fours. International matches are a possibility in the near future, for the Argentines have become interested and have roofed over a big arena in their home country.

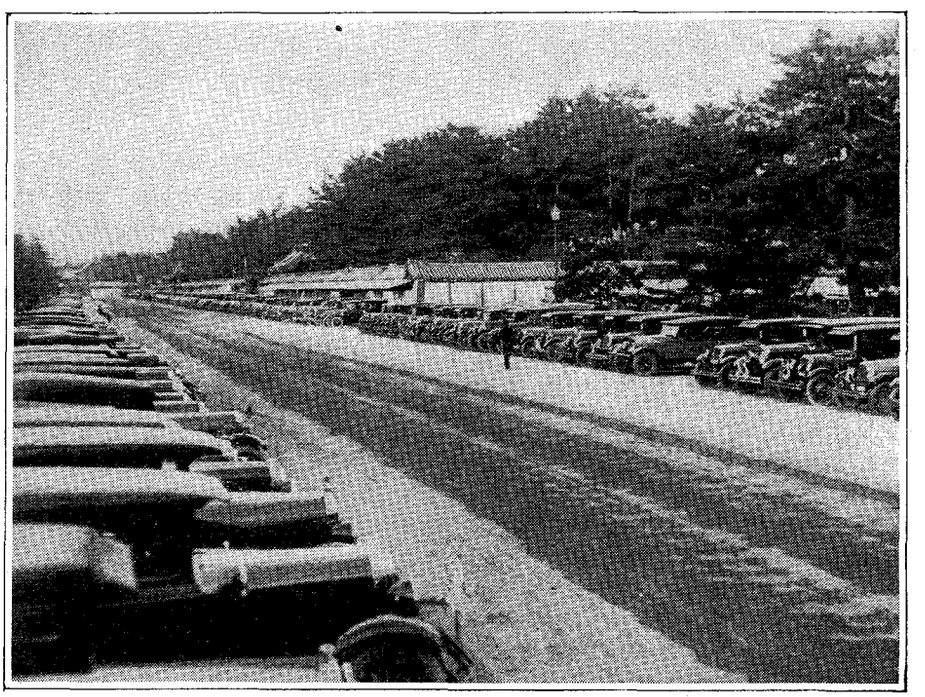
As a laboratory for the outdoor game, indoor polo has long since proved itself, for F. W. C. Guest, who so ably succeeded Devereux Milburn on the Big Four, is largely a product of the roofed arena. Nevertheless, indoor polo has established itself as a fascinating sport.

▸▸ *Dry Policy*

DRY SPOKESMEN appear to have made concessions with far-reaching implications during recent debates in Congress. For one thing, Dr. J. M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, estimates that it will require $300,000,000 to obtain real enforcement. But he hastens to add that Congress has shown in its appropriation of money for enforcement that it does not expect Uncle Sam to do "police work;" he holds that the Federal Government should be responsible only for stopping smuggling, preventing diversion of industrial and medicinal liquors into illicit channels and prosecution of major conspiracies. To this view Anti-Saloon League representatives in the House assent, thus voicing perhaps more definitely than ever before the theory of limited responsibility. The States and cities, according to this interpretation, must prosecute unlawful retailers and consumers of alcoholic beverages, and to the unwillingness of these units to co-operate with Washington is blamed the apparent failure of enforcement.

Members of the House Appropriations Committee, however, deny that Congress has defined a policy that amounts to one of laissez faire in the field of general enforcement. Democrats and Republicans, wets and drys, contend that the executive arm has deliberately elected to restrict its activity, and that Congress, in its capacity as agent, has merely furnished the funds requested for this kind of a program. They do not criticize this policy, but they do complain of lack of results in the very areas selected for Federal enforcement. Not in many years has there been such a severe arraignment of the administration of the dry laws as that made by Representative Ralph F. Lozier of Missouri, a Democrat but a thorough-going prohibitionist. "The law," he declared, "has never had a fair trial. Its pretended enforcement has never been in friendly hands. Its pretended enforcement has been so half-hearted, sporadic, insincere and inefficient that prohibition, in reality, has not had a fair trial in the United States."

For the failure of States and cities to live up to their implied obligations nobody proposes a solution. Dr. Doran cited the lack of enforcement acts in four States as one basic cause for laxity, but committee members and speakers on



Underwood

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN JAPAN

Hundreds of automobiles, almost entirely American-made, lined up in front of the Imperial Palace Kyoto, during the ancient coronation ceremony

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the floor replied that conditions were no better in many States which had enacted concurrent dry legislation. Wets proposed amendments appropriating $250,000,000 for enforcement, but these were killed by the votes of friends of prohibition.

Meanwhile, the Federal prohibition bill for the 1930 fiscal year will be approximately $45,000,000, and the total cost of eight years of Federal enforcement is more than $235,000,000. Thus the related subjects of cost and effectiveness of Volsteadism, temporarily at least, supplant discussion of repeal or modification of "the experiment noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose."

Back Stage in Washington

Washington, D. C.

TO THOSE OF US who suspect how sadly Hiram Johnson bowed his head in his arms when he resigned himself to supporting Herbert Hoover for the Presidency, Senator Hayden's recent lack of consideration for his bereaved colleague was the cruelest piece of work in many sessions. All of us grieved for Hiram when the Senator from Arizona asked if he agreed with Hoover's promise that the Federal Government, under Johnson's bill, would permit Arizona and adjacent States to tax power generated at Boulder Dam. Senators who had been enjoying their afternoon snooze in the winter-evening dusk of the Chamber immediately came to life. When the Californian roared back, "No, I do not!" we could not decide whether to chortle or cry; but any expression of emotion was choked by a feeling of "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," and gallantly, too. We sensed, of course, that the "everlasting nay" which had just thundered across the Senate might be signal for a battle royal between a great Senator and a President-elect from California. Knowing our Senators pretty well, we can think of but one other sufficiently stout-hearted to stand up so valiantly yet so vainly against a neighbor lately elected to the White House. He is George Norris of Nebraska.

We should like to credit Hayden's unchivalrous conduct to his ignorance of Senatorial etiquette, and it may be so, since he is a newcomer. But there come to mind so many instances of pain given Johnson wittingly or unwittingly since election day that we do not condemn the Arizonian so much as we pity poor Hiram. We cannot but regard him as the sorriest creature of circumstances in the whole political panorama. Once he might have been President, and now he can only defy a President-elect.

It needs but little knowledge of men and politics to measure the bitterness in Johnson's heart. Long since he and Hoover became political enemies, and there are no new-found bonds of understanding to unite them. Long before Hoover had psychoanalyzed himself to discover whether he belonged to the party of Hamilton or Jefferson, Johnson had been a great Governor and a brilliant Senator.

In the very year that Hoover first learned to work a voting machine Johnson declined, without rolling over in his hotel bed at Chicago to listen to the deal, the Vice Presidential nomination so lustily seized by Calvin Coolidge later in the day. In his fierce fight for Boulder Dam, Johnson has sought some surcease and forgetfulness, until only a few weeks ago we thought we detected an unwonted mellowness in his manner. And then came a green Senator. . . .

Senator Norris was never a gay gossoon, but now he is suffering from a profound attack of melancholia. He is painfully out of step with the universe. He is a Progressive without a pal, a statesman without a State. George is sour and sore. His quondam ally, Borah, let him down hard in the campaign, and his own State threw him down even harder. He broods over the thought that it rejected his moral and political leadership for Hoover's; and much as he has tried, George cannot warm to the President-elect. Hoover's philosophy of life and government give the good George shudders.

Borah should have many reasons for satisfaction, but we suspect he is not so happy as he appears. He cannot endure agreeing with anybody, and he will break out in verbal revolt against Hoover soon, as he has in some of his off-the-record intimations. He is uneasy for other reasons. He billed and cooed with Hoover so contentedly a few weeks ago that he did not like the idea of Hoover leaping from the love nest as soon as he learned to fly on his own. Besides, Borah may feel some qualms over his treatment of Norris, who has been cool to the Idahoan for many weeks. We are informed that they have not exchanged confidence in months. We hear that the two agreed to abstain from participation in the Presidential campaign as long ago as last spring, and to confine their efforts to re-electing their Progressive bloc in the Senate. Norris set out to keep the pledge, but Borah immediately became the whole band on the Hoover bandwagon. This is not the first time Borah has shoved Norris out on a limb and then sawed it off, so we understand George intends to keep away from the tree of temptation altogether.

Our Progressives, indeed, are in a bad way. Dejection and disagreements cloud the lives of the leaders. The smaller fellows, who trailed Borah instead of Norris during the campaign, would like to get back to revolting again, now that they are safe in office, but there is nobody to start a rumpus. We hear talk of Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota as the next liberal head man. He got the greatest plurality ever given a candidate for office in his State, and that is the basis for the acclaim handed to the handsome and debonair dentist. But we would advise the Progressives not to count on him too heavily. We hear that he is the latest lion at Alice Longworth's salon and the most recent catch for her sparkling evening parties. The Viking from the North will soon discover that he cannot nibble the anchovies and patties served by the Circe of Massachusetts Avenue of an evening, and have any stomach for opposing Alice's other Senatorial guests on the floor the next day. If he doesn't believe it, let him reflect on how Samson Borah succumbed to her cooking and cajolery.

A. F. C.

Kirby in the New York World

Ambush

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Editorial

Our New Crime Front

SCANDALS in Chicago. Scandals in Philadelphia. Scandals in New York. These are but the highlights of the war between police power and the criminal world. Throughout the country people are awakening to the thought that the present-day underworld is equipped with resources, tools and social power for which the police have yet to develop a counter weapon. In warfare the development of a new weapon is soon followed by the development of a new means of defense. In social conflict between organized society and those who would prey upon it there exists the same need for watchful and scientific development that must underlie successful military defense attack.

Twenty years ago many saloons were closely allied with the criminal population. Hold-up men had their favorite hang-outs, safe blowers theirs. Second-story men consorted with their colleagues in chosen places. Pickpockets gathered before familiar bars. The saloon may have been, as its eulogists were fond of remarking, "the poor man's club," but the saloon was also the club of the enemies of society.

These facts were known to the police and they profited by them. Through the use of detectives and stool-pigeons it was easy to track down the professional burglar or the professional pick-pocket. The resources of the criminal were limited to what he could steal. He had no means of replenishing his funds save through illegal activities upon which the police could keep a fairly successful check. Certainly the toleration of dens for criminals to the end that the police might know where to find the enemies of society when wanted, was not an ideal arrangement, and no one proposes to go back to it; but it had the practical value of enabling the police to make a showing.

Came (as the movies say) prohibition, and the situation was changed over night. The saloon disappeared, to be replaced in part by speakeasies which were subject, in theory, at least, to constant raids by the authorities. And with the coming of prohibition the criminal world was given both a new source of easy money and an easy access to the houses and homes of those good citizens who felt that they could not get along without the services of personal bootleggers. The criminal no longer chose to frequent the speakeasy; for the speakeasy, being illegal, is no safe place for the crook; instead he took up his abode in private flats and houses. Nobody knew where he went. The criminal whose vocation was safe robbing and burglary could now thumb his nose at the police.

So far as we have been able to learn, the police of the country made no preparation for the situation that was to develop under prohibition. With the change in the law they were caught napping, and those who are in a position to know assert that they are still asleep at the switch. If society is to secure the protection which it needs, the whole relation between the police power and the criminal world must be carefully thought out and the police equipped with modern weapons and modern means of securing information which are adequate to meet the changed conditions of the present day. Possibly our whole system of restricted police jurisdiction and authority must be scrapped to combat a criminal world that knows no boundaries of cities or States and which has the means and the brains to adapt to its uses modern methods of transportation and intelligence.

Shall we substitute the European Continental system of identification and control? This was perfected in Czarist Russia. It requires every one to carry an identification paper to be presented on every occasion—when taking a train, for instance, or registering at a hotel, or renting an apartment. It makes every citizen a suspect and puts him on probation. It provides for daily reports to a central police bureau. It theoretically locates every criminal because it is supposed to locate everybody. Does it work? It does not. During the War it was adopted by France and exploited by the civil and military police of all the Allies; but at the end of the War, we happen to know, when 70,000 persons were on the list of suspected spies, it was possible for an adroit person to travel from one end of France to another with no papers at all except a canceled Mètro ticket. But even if it did work it would constantly outrage the sensibilities of a free people. The American people would never submit to such a system.

What then is the American police to do? The criminal has at his service the machine gun and automobile and will soon have the silent airplane than can rise and descend vertically and develop terrific speed. He can resort to apartments for hiding in the midst of millions and can employ the most modern methods of efficiency for perpetrating crime and escaping detection and capture. How can the police know who are law-abiding and who are criminal?

A new police system must be devised. More police, with higher standards of intelligence, smaller police units, so that each police official may know every one in his precinct, daily reports of changes in personnel from hotels, lodging-houses and apartments, a rapid means of correlating and interpreting all information at headquarters may be elements in that new system. Certainly the police must be equipped for research and for effective defense and attack. No police commissioner can fight an army of snipers with muzzle loading cannon. Police equipment and methods must be more than the latest, rather, the next in development. Public interest must be sufficient to support an intelligent program by footing the inevitable bills. Otherwise we shall lapse into the old conditions when private citizens combined in personal defense against footpads and when in emergency criminals were hunted down by extra-legal vigilance committees.

We can know what to do only as we know what the condition is and how far short we fall in meeting it. The Outlook and Independent believes that it has access to a fund of information covering the activities of criminals and the short-comings of our police system. It proposes during the next few months to publish this information for the protection of organized society.

The Editors

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Schubert and Respighi

By EUGENE BONNER

AFTER hearing the new opera of Ottorino Respighi, "La Campana Sommersa," or as we know it in English, "The Sunken Bell," one wonders whether this play by Gerhart Hauptmann, notwithstanding its poetry and symbolism, is really a good subject for an opera.

The story itself is slight and there is little or no dramatic action, although all manner of mortals and immortals figure in the story which can be taken either as an allegory or a straightforward and charming little fairy tale.

As the curtain rises on the first act we see a forest scene with snow-capped mountains in the distance. At the left is the witch's hut and on the right is an old well, the dwelling-place of Nickelman, a most sympathetic if slimy Frog-man. Sitting on the edge of the well is Rautendelein, "an elf-like creature," combing her long golden hair.

She is soon joined by the Frog-man and a Faun, both of whom make love to her, but she will none of either. The Faun then relates how he had wrecked the cart bearing the bell destined for the new church on the mountain top, and how the bell itself had crashed down the mountainside into the lake.

Heinrich, the bell-caster, staggers on, broken in spirit and dazed by the accident that has happened to his masterpiece. He is soon revived by Rautendelein who brings him a bowl of milk to refresh him. Soon his friends, the Parson, the Schoolmaster, and the Barber, come and carry him back home to his wife and children, but not before the nymph has had time to lose her heart to this mortal.

The rest of the story is concerned with the unsuccessful efforts of his family and friends to rescue him from the magic spell of Rautendelein, the suicide of his wife, who drowns herself in the lake, and the ringing of the sunken bell by her dead hands, and his death in the arms of Rautendelein who brings him comfort at the last.

Such in summary is the narrative to which Mr. Respighi has set his music. While much of this score is very lovely, one feels throughout the lack of a definite line or profile to the work as a whole. Melody has to a great extent been eschewed and there is little contrast in the music of succeeding scenes. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Respighi, who possesses ordinarily a musical individuality quite his own, has in this case gone to the fountain of Debussy and taken long, long draughts. Nor are other composers such as Strauss and Puccini altogether neglected.

The first act music is enchanting from start to finish; exquisite gossamer stuff this, well written and beautifully scored. The second act is without interest musically or otherwise until the entrance of Rautendelein. The last act notwithstanding a certain monotony is simple and poignant.

ELISABETH RETHBERG
A superb Rautendelein in "The Sunken Bell"

As Rautendelein, Elisabeth Rethberg was lovely to look at and sang the extremely difficult music in a manner to amaze her hearers. The coloratura aria of the first act, the magic spell of the second, and the pathetic final scene were done with the consummate artistry that characterizes the work of this superb singer.

As Heinrich, Martinelli gave us one of his finest pieces of work and Mr. De Luca was a perfect Frog-gentleman. Tullio Serafin added new laurels to his crown by his brilliant conducting of this complicated score.

IT IS NOT every day that an orchestral conductor gets a chance to introduce to a New York audience such an important novelty as a practically unknown symphony of Franz Schubert, yet such was the case at Carnegie Hall a few evenings ago when the Cleveland Orchestra, under the musical direction of Nicolai Sokoloff, gave us the first local hearing of that composer's Symphony in E major.

This work has had a decidedly checkered career. Six or seven years before his death, Schubert started work on a Symphony in E major which, while it was never entirely completed by the composer himself, was so clearly sketched out that the completion of it was, if not altogether simple, by no means impossible of accomplishment.

At the time of Schubert's death this half-finished, or sketch-manuscript passed into the hands of his brother, Ferdinand Schubert, who later on made a present of it to Mendelssohn. On the death of the latter, his brother, Paul Mendelssohn, handed the manuscript over to George Grove, who bequeathed it at his death to the Royal College of Music in London, where it now reposes.

Several eminent composers, Brahms among them, considered putting this sketch in proper shape for performance, but nothing seems to have come of it until 1880, when Francis Barnett successfully undertook the very delicate task of orchestrating, putting in the necessary figures against the thematic material, and even adding some rather elaborate part-writing to balance the whole. The work was first performed May 5, 1883, at one of the Crystal Palace concerts, but notwithstanding its success does not appear to have been done elsewhere.

THE WORK itself, while charming, is not possessed of any great amount of depth or originality, the thematic material as well as the handling of it showing very plainly the Mozart and Haydn influences.

Written in four movements, an Adagio-Allegro, Andante con Moto, Scherzo, and Allegro Giusto, it is the first two that are most worth while from the thematic point of view, the Scherzo seeming trivial and the last movement just another finale.

Undoubtedly it is from the historical point of view that the work interests and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Sokoloff for giving us a chance to hear it so very well played as it was the other night under his direction.

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The Movies

"Revenge"

A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

MISS DOLORES DEL RIO, having been French, Spanish, Russian and Indian by turns, and Mexican by birth, was in a fair way to run out of nationalities that suited her gifts, until some one remembered that she hadn't been a gypsy yet. Since this discovery was made many steps have been taken to remedy the situation, with the result that Miss Del Rio's face and hip muscles may now be seen wiggling convulsively in a silent motion picture called "Revenge."

This production has the advantage of having been directed by Edwin Carewe, a man who generally contrives to bring beauty into whatever he does. As it was to "Ramona," Mr. Carewe's feeling for beauty is a fortunate adjunct to "Revenge," because otherwise it's a pretty terrible picture.

Miss Del Rio appears as Rascha, a Romany maiden whose passions flow from her in torrential fashion until they reach the Hays office, where they stop, evidently undecided as to where to go from there, and looking a little foolish.

Rascha lives with her father and mother in an imposing bungalow with four fireplaces, located presumably, somewhere in Bohemia. No roving gypsy life for Rascha and family; they stay home and raise trained bears for the mendicant trade; and, judging from their apparent affluence, business is always good.

The earlier part of the picture is devoted to getting across the idea that Rascha just loves the bears as long as they are wild and refractory, but ceases to be that way about them when they grow tame and tractable. This thought is conveyed in words of one syllable by means of many subtitles and lots of by-play between the bears and Miss Del Rio. It is pounded in with painstaking effort in some later scenes between Miss Del Rio and Stefan (the sweetie of one of her girl friends) whom she borrows for an evening, only to find him too acquiescent to suit her.

All this fills one with the inescapable conviction that Rascha likes 'em rough; and that it's only a question of time when the right man will come along and—boy!

Presently along he comes, in the person of Mr. Le Roy Mason, an ex-Purdue football player, who may also be seen in "The Viking." Mr. Mason's part in "Revenge" is that of a gypsy bandit, whose whim it is to go about stealing brides from weddings. This will give you a general idea of how rough he is. His introduction to Rascha consists of an impetuous entrance on horseback, followed by the unpromising announcement that he has come to kill her father; having said which, he cuts off all her hair with a caseknife and departs.

One would think that this was the very sort of thing Rascha craved; Heaven knows nothing milder seemed to suit her. But not at all. She is thrown into a veritable temper fit and makes the most dreadful faces. She vows to be revenged on the impulsive Mr. Mason—hence the title.

DOLORES DEL RIO
Who plays the part of Rascha, a Romany maiden, in "Revenge"

She accomplishes this purpose to the extent of getting a gun leveled at the bandit's head while he sleeps but just as she is about to draw down on him, it comes to her in a flash that she loves him. *We* knew it long before she did.

"Show Folks"

THIS is a "dialogue" picture, produced by Pathé; and while the subject, which deals with back-stage life, is hardly original, the dialogue is excellent, both as to acting and writing. Particularly good is Eddie Quillen, whose conception of a vaudeville hoofer deserves to rank with Lee Tracy's in "Broadway." Lina Basquette has the major feminine rôle and if she isn't always up to its dramatic requirements, her dancing (and glorified figure) do much to make "Show Folks" a pleasant picture.

"Three Week-Ends"

CLARA BOW, Neil Hamilton and Harrison Ford make this Elinor Glyn opus surprisingly easy to bear; in fact we have no hesitation in saying that we found it good entertainment throughout, with no limit of the sliminess that often surrounds Mme. Glyn's literary efforts.

"Three Week-Ends" is about a cabaret girl who meets an impecunious insurance agent masquerading as a man of wealth. Between them they land a millionaire for a big policy, and marry contentedly on the proceeds. This consummation occurs only after a series of misunderstandings too numerous to mention, but, in the main, amusing.

Miss Bow, with her Kewpie face and tousled hair, is a great one to keep things moving; she is always ready to bring to any given situation the precise qualities the director needs. Clarence Badger, who directed "Three Week-Ends," rewards her by handling his end of the job in a way to bring out Miss Bow's abilities and also—let's be fair—those displayed, for this once at least, by Mme. Elinor Glyn.

"Behind the German Lines"

SOMEHOW, German records of the war leave us in an unpleasant frame of mind. There is an aura about them, half propitiatory, half-defiant and at all times intensely patriotic, that makes us wish we hadn't been forced to examine them. Since this is an attitude that might well arise from prejudice and wrong headedness on our part, it should be given no attention. If you want to see another war film, you will find "Behind the German Lines" as good as most. And perhaps the obvious attempts at self-justification that the picture exhibits won't bother you as they did us.

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Sedgwick and the Atlantic

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

The editor of the magazine with the well-known brown cover is a most distinguished member of that group of men and women who, in one way and another, influence and even mold American opinion. The names of his predecessors—Lowell, Howells and Page—shine brightly; but as editor and journalist the name of Sedgwick leads all the rest. His present biographer is assistant to the editor of "Harper's Magazine" and a former editorial associate

HE DOES not look as you would expect the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" to look. At first glance you would take him for a prosperous merchant. He is short, thick-set, heavy-featured; and he has an odd taste for garishly checked suits, for shirts of strange colors and designs, which give him sometimes the air of having dressed for Atlantic City rather than for the "Atlantic Monthly." Only one thing about him suggests the traditional man of letters: a pair of eye-glasses on a broad black ribbon.

When he begins to talk, your impression is at once changed. He speaks precisely, with an accent more nearly English than Yankee, and with a deliberate fastidiousness in his choice and pronunciation of words. There is something in his utterance that suggests a one-time lisp now conquered. Although when he is telling you a story that provokes his sense of the comic he can laugh enormously, from the diaphragm, his manner is usually one of immense gravity, as if the weight of continents rested on his shoulders. He may look—at first—like a merchant, but he sounds—at first—like a professor of English.

Talk with him for half an hour, however, and his real nature reveals itself. You will find that he is in touch with affairs all over the world. You will detect in him an absorbing curiosity about every sort of interesting thing under the sun, from local politics to business conditions in the Far East and from geology to the religious experiences of the human soul. His mind, you will discover, is that of the born journalist.

For it is Ellery Sedgwick's consummate journalistic ability, above all else, that has made him one of the two or three really great magazine editors in this country today and one of the strongest forces for the regeneration of periodical publishing. In a dark day for American journalism he proved that a magazine of distinction, edited for people of fastidious taste, could be made to pay dividends; and he has subsequently proved that such a magazine can be carried on with continuing success even in a day when fad follows fad with bewildering rapidity. If today there is such a thing as intelligent American opinion, Ellery Sedgwick must be given a large share of the credit for its making.

To appreciate his contribution properly one must understand the state of the American magazine world toward the end of the first decade of this century. At that time the dignified "literary" magazines of the class represented by the "Century," "Harper's," "Scribner's" and the "Atlantic" appeared to be fighting a lost fight. A new sort of periodical edited for a new public was pushing them to the wall. It had been discovered that for every hundred thousand readers of the older type of discreet and sober monthly there were millions who cared nothing about literary quality, who wanted everything simplified and sensationalized, but who could and would read magazines which did not tax their minds. If a magazine had a million readers, instead of a hundred thousand, it could get the advertising which brought financial success, and have enough money left over to outbid the more conservative journals for successful writers. The result of this discovery was a stampede among New York editors to this writer and that, to this idea and that which might please the millions. Picture covers paid? All right, the public should have a candy-box picture of a pretty girl on every cover. Snappy fiction paid, regardless of quality, if only the right name were attached to it? All right, the New York editors would pay thousands for the snappiness and the right name. Discussions of religion, of controversial subjects, might offend somebody and decrease the circulation (and thus the advertising)? Out with them. In their place could be put success stories and sponge-cake recipes. Nothing must be printed with which every moron could not agree.

The new journalism succeeded enormously. Though the best of the older magazines stuck bravely to their traditions, they saw a time approaching when they might be outbidden for manuscripts, outclassed in circulation, and forsaken by advertisers. It began to look as if the only way to succeed was to vulgarize.

It was at this juncture that Ellery Sedgwick, then in his thirty-seventh year, bought the control of the "Atlantic Monthly" from Houghton, Mifflin and Company. A member of an old family of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, he had gone to Groton School and Harvard, had taught two years at Groton, had spent three more years as a sub-editor on the old "Youth's Companion" of Boston, and then had gone through the editorial mill in New York, first as editor of "Leslie's Monthly," (which he transformed into the "American Magazine"), then with "McClure's," then as general manager of the book department of D. Appleton and Company. He had learned the terrific hazards of the new journalism in these years when, as he later expressed it, he "jumped from sinking raft to sinking raft," and he had studied at close range its methods and its hysteria. He felt that there must be enough people in the country who cordially disliked it to make possible the successful publication of a magazine with utterly different aims. The circulation of the "Atlantic Monthly" was small enough to make a New York publisher laugh: it had less than fourteen thousand readers, most of them in New England. But it had prestige—and Sedgwick had always had a perverse ambition to edit it. Perhaps it could be made into the sort of vehicle he had in mind. In 1908, then, he bought it; in 1909, he assumed the editorship and began his experiment.

HE DID NOT aim at a huge audience of newsstand buyers; he aimed at a small audience of intelligent men and women who would subscribe in advance and keep on subscribing year after year if the magazine satisfied them. He never even thought of picture covers;

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he realized that the sober brown "Atlantic" cover, with the contents clearly printed on it, was with this audience an asset as valuable as a trade-mark. He himself, and many of his friends, enjoyed essays and cared little for fiction; he decided to reduce the fiction to a minimum and cultivate the essay. He made no effort to purchase names in competition with the new journalism: they cost too much for one thing, and the readers he had in mind cared less for the label than for the quality of the goods. He relied chiefly upon new writers who would be glad to appear in the "Atlantic" regardless of the size of the check, and upon professors, scientific men, professional men, business men, to whom writing was an avocation but who could speak with authority and conviction in the field of their special competence. And instead of editing for a mythical general public he edited for himself and tried to find for the "Atlantic" the sort of reader who liked what he did.

This policy ran directly counter to that of the new journalism. And as Ellery Sedgwick applied it, it departed also from that of the old. The conservative periodicals of the "Scribner"-"Harper"-"Century" class, he felt, were too remote from life. In their laudable desire to appeal to cultivated tastes they spent too much time talking about literature and art, too little time talking about human affairs. They dealt with "The Art of Balzac" or "Some Death Masks of Keats" or "Recent Books About Shakespeare" when they might be dealing with men and women. The old magazines furthermore were in their way as timid as the new ones: they, too, dodged the questions that people got excited about and sought safety in "Thoughts in My Garden" or "Rambles in Old Brittany." As Leon Whipple has said, readers of that decade "withdrew into 'Harper's' or the 'Century' for assurance that the world was a happy and restful place wherein nice people were writing charming poems and essays, traveling to lovely places, or writing tales and painting pictures that would solace and restore." Ellery Sedgwick resolved that the "Atlantic" should face the whole of life, its riddles, its adventures; the critical questions of the day, the problems of the human heart; and that no subject should be taboo if only it were discussed with urbanity.

The "Atlantic," as it took shape under his hands, dealt informatively with the major problems of the whole world —political, economic, social, international—but not with them alone. Sedgwick's most absorbing interest was in the human predicament and the human reaction to it. He was curious to know what people made of life, of death, of marriage, of the other great realities. He was curious to know what it felt like to other people to be young, to be middle-aged, to be old; what it felt like to be an immigrant in a strange land, to be handicapped by physical infirmity, to be in the presence of danger or disaster. So he began to print what he called "human documents," personal confessions, first-hand narratives of adventure. Others had printed "human documents" before this; Edward Bok,

ELLERY SEDGWICK

"He does not look as you would expect the Editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly' to look"

for example, had built the circulation of the "Ladies' Home Journal" largely upon them; but Sedgwick gave the form a new dignity and subtlety, and always what he sought was not the physical adventure so much as the spiritual one.

Sedgwick's method of editing was—and is—simple. He keeps a sharp lookout for promising material among the manuscripts submitted to him, never forgetting that even in an unpromising manuscript there may be the germ of a valuable feature. He reads thoroughly the New York "Times" and the London "Times," keeps thus abreast of the news of the world, and makes up his mind what are the vital problems to which the "Atlantic" must address itself. He dines out frequently, listens to the talk, and notices what active-minded people are thinking about. And he keeps up a voluminous correspondence with writers, newspaper correspondents, statesmen, and men of affairs on two or three continents. He is as gifted a letter-writer, I think, as Walter Hines Page, and he does not confine his correspondence to the immediate business of the "Atlantic." He is forever seeking out information, asking for opinions upon the trend of events, securing suggestions or advice about writers and their work. Thus he is able to sit at an editorial desk in Boston, keep his finger on the pulse of the world, and when he wants a given article written, reach out and find the man to do it.

And he is fortified by an uncanny perception of the journalistic possibilities hidden in apparently hopeless material. I have in mind a series of letters—personal letters describing life as it looked to a woman in the still pioneer West—which once came into the office by the merest chance. They were not typewritten; they were crudely scrawled on coarse paper, full of mis-spelling and doubtful grammar. Nine editors out of ten would have thrown them out with only the most cursory reading. But Sedgwick saw that they were racy, entertaining, genuine. The writing could easily be corrected—and was. The result was one of the most popular series of papers that the "Atlantic" had ever printed.

Sedgwick has done almost this same thing again and again. He does it with tremendous gusto. Sometimes I think his idea of heaven must be a place where every day he can evolve a new "Atlantic" feature out of a manuscript scribbled on fragments of wrapping paper, or out of moldy letters found in an old trunk in a forgotten attic; and where, like the super-journalist he is, he can present it impeccably to an audience that loves humanity as he does.

His policy has been amazingly successful. Since 1909 the circulation of the "Atlantic" has increased slowly and almost uninterruptedly from less than fourteen thousand to one hundred and thirty-seven thousand. And the magazine has become furthermore the nucleus of a large and prosperous organization, including several other magazines. He works at high tension; in fact, watching him through a day in his big office overlooking the Boston Public Garden, you might wonder

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whether such tension could produce sound judgments. His desk is always in disorder, piled with manuscripts and letters, and his working life seems a succession of crises. Does he lose a manuscript? The office is in a frenzy until he finds it. Secretaries and assistants are called in, accused of having made off with the missing document, sent scurrying to look for it; girls new to the office are reduced to the verge of tears; until suddenly there is a shout of triumph and peace returns again. The manuscript has been found—on Sedgwick's own desk. Does he decide to propose some new policy to an associate in the advertising office in New York? Again there is turmoil as he has the files ransacked for previous correspondence, puts through a long distance call, fumes over the delay, and finally shouts his instructions through the telephone as if his associate were in China. Yet the curious thing is that his decisions are far from hysterical. An able business man, he runs his business not only astutely but conservatively.

When he undertook the editorship of the "Atlantic," he made haste slowly. He changed its program gradually, assuring himself of new readers before he risked losing the old. He did not try to push the circulation up overnight; he helped it to grow naturally. He paid small salaries and put a limit on the fees for manuscripts. When an author discovered by Sedgwick finds that he can get higher rates elsewhere, Sedgwick is quite content to let him go, realizing that a changing list of authors is not only economical but lends variety and unexpectedness to the magazine. When he has a successful feature to launch he makes sure that the publicity and the circulation efforts are ingeniously contrived and perfectly timed, but he never overplays his hand. He ordered at first only twenty-four thousand extra copies of the issue containing Governor Smith's reply to the Marshall letter. Another publisher might have put out an extra hundred thousand: Sedgwick preferred to play safe, realizing that a sold-out edition is always a good advertisement.

ALWAYS he utilizes to the utmost the prestige of the "Atlantic's" name. New writers are given to feel that the privilege of appearing in the "Atlantic" constitutes a sort of payment in itself and justifies a very "modest honorarium." Subscribers are given to feel that they are not simply subscribing to a magazine but entering a charmed circle, joining a national cultural institution—in a sense, a public institution. When the new Lincoln letters were offered to the public, for instance, Sedgwick in his editorial note adroitly mentioned the fact that they were to be exhibited at the Congressional Library by invitation of the director, Mr. Herbert Putnam; the whole matter of their publication thus took on a sort of public and official significance. This, the cynics will tell you, is uncommonly good business; and so it is. The reputation of the "Atlantic" has its value in dollars and cents. But it has more than that: it has its value in solid satisfaction to the man who controls its destinies. Sedgwick likes to feel that the "Atlantic" stands for something vital to American life. And it should be added that his name is never featured in the advertising. He keeps himself in the background; it is the "Atlantic" that occupies the spotlight.

HE married Mabel Cabot in 1904; he has four children; he has a large estate at Beverly which he hopes to be able to hand down as a permanent country seat for his family, and a town house on Mount Vernon Street in Boston. His family life is delightful, and his kindness to friends and former associates is not only genuine but imaginative. He knows how to put himself in their places, to see their problems as through their own eyes, to pass along to them the chance compliments which will give them confidence, to seek out for them the sort of opportunities which will best advance their careers. "Atlantic" payments to authors, as I have said, are usually low, but I have known Sedgwick to double them to put on his feet an author beset by illness or bad luck. Despite his occasional irascibility, he excels in the difficult art of human relations.

As a New Englander, a relative by marriage of the Cabots of Boston, and the head of a proud New England institution, he ought to love Boston,—and he does. He warms to the "Atlantic's" historic Bostonian connections. But Boston sometimes finds him hard to understand. During the war, there were patriots up and down Beacon Street who called him a pro-German. After the war they called him a radical, a Bolshevik, a propagandist for dangerous and subversive opinions. At this very moment, if you listen intently to conversations in the cold-roast sections of the Back Bay, you are almost sure to hear some one expressing amazement at Sedgwick's fondness for "that man Smith," at his sitting on the same platform with the most notorious politicians of Boston when Smith came to town last fall. The people who express these views of Ellery Sedgwick ought to be set right about him. He was not pro-German during the war, he has never been a radical, and his support of Al Smith grows just as logically out of his character and political and social creed as his recent publication of a series of articles criticizing Al Smith's Church. He is a liberal.

He believes, that is to say, in hearing both sides of a question, in giving even unpopular opinions a chance to be aired. When the war broke out in Europe, his sympathies were naturally with England because he has a host of English friends and likes the English way of life, but he thought Americans ought to know and would be interested to know what the Germans conceived themselves to be fighting for, and therefore, during 1914 and 1915, he invited a number of Germans—as well as Englishmen and Frenchmen—to set forth their case. When the Sacco-Vanzetti case was pending and some Bostonians would have stifled all opinion oposed to the conclusions of the Massachusetts courts, Sedgwick printed Felix Frankfurter's article expressing the misgivings of the opposition. Whether he agreed with them is beside the point; the point is that he believed they deserved the attention of thoughtful people.

HE has always felt that engrossing public questions, even if men and women feel bitterly about them, are the better for being ventilated. When it began to appear that Governor Smith might be nominated for the Presidency, Sedgwick realized that the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States in its relation to Governor Smith's candidacy had become an engrossing public question. Most publications were letting it severely alone or referring to it only in the most guarded terms. Sedgwick preferred that it should be discussed openly and rationally than whispered about behind closed doors in the air of prejudice. When he ran across an article on Catholic policy by Charles C. Marshall in a New York church bulletin he saw his opportunity. He got Mr. Marshall to

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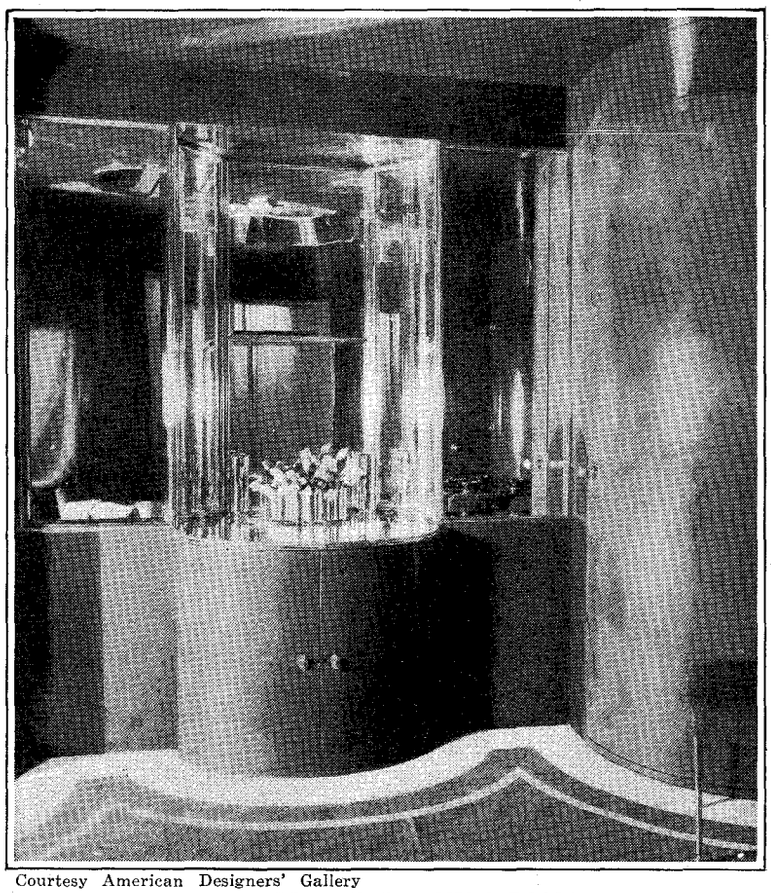
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

FIRST, about this picture, which is not, as you might suppose, a corner of the bar in the boiler makers' club, but one side of a dining-room shown in the exhibition in the American Designers' Gallery which we discussed with you recently. The walls are of dark blue metal in curving surfaces, each of these semi-oval pillars being a cupboard. The metal chairs are upholstered in blue corduroy. The table also is metal. Look in the glass over the sideboard and you will see the lighting fixture—which looks like a rather complicated aluminum jelly mold. Even the plates and dishes are metal. It is an interesting room, but the prevalence of heavy metal is a little too battleship for us. You expect any moment to feel the vibration of heavy machinery. It would be an interesting place to have dinner, but not every night.



Courtesy American Designers' Gallery

AN ALL-METAL DINING ROOM
By Herman Rosse

ONE OF the world's worst Christmas gifts is a combination cigarette holder and dinner ring, which is advertised as "for driving, bridge or tea." It's a silver ring with an amber or jade-colored stone, and the cigarette holder part is detachable.

SMALL RUGS in the modernistic manner are being made by the Bigelow Hartford Rug Company, some of whose designs are geometric, and others showing landscapes and marine views. One, in which Lindbergh's flight is symbolically treated, has an arrangement of lines radiating fan-wise from one corner.

HERE ARE three pencils we haven't seen before: the Riedell Repeater, which feeds a new lead in as soon as the old one is used up, so that it is advertised to write for a year without reloading; a sterling silver pencil with a red lead at one end, blue at the other, and a calendar in the middle that tells the date and day of the week; and a four-color magazine pencil, in which each color is ready for instant use. In this latter, the two ends telescope together. Draw the ends apart until the proper color shows, push together again and the lead of this color projects.

WE HAVE COMMENTED BEFORE on the tendency among people—stimulated of course by the manufacturers—to disguise such useful things as telephones, radiators and so on with frills and fancy work, so that they will look like something else. It's not so bad when they are made to look like useless things. It is still possible to go into a strange house and find the telephone by the simple means of examining the most useless thing you see. But when they begin to make useful things look like other useful things the case is different. We saw recently a table or desk lighter which was made to look like a small telephone. Lift the receiver and the inside of the transmitter begins to glow. "A gift that appeals to the boy in every man," said the advertisement, evidently feeling that a boy concealed in a man calls for a lighter concealed in a phone. If these things get common, what's going to happen to these concealed boys in a year or two if they go around lifting off every receiver they see in the effort to get a light? And what will the telephone company have to say to it? Our city life is complex enough as it is; why any one should go about deliberately complicating it in this way is beyond us. We're going to contrive a capsule of high explosive that looks like a chocolate cream, and send a box of them to each of the manufacturers of these atrocities.

THERE ARE a couple of valuable improvements on two models of gas stoves made by Sterling. These stoves are sweetly named Cinderella and Lady Leisure. But don't let that put you off. One improvement is the vertical broiler which broils on both sides at once, using less gas and only half the time. The other is a contrivance by means of which the flame in a large burner may be cut down so that only a part of the burner is in use. The little flame will keep any vessel up to six quarts capacity boiling. If you want a wide-spread uniform heat, you can turn the burner down part way.

A CHILDREN'S PLAY HOUSE, which can be used indoors or out, is 4 feet wide, 57 inches high and 2 feet deep, has real curtains at the windows and a real door, and can be folded up and put away.

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The All-America Football Squad

THIS Outlook and Independent All-America football squad of thirty-three men, all of whom would be called upon at one time or another in the course of a game against gridiron Bogie, is thus boldly picked on observation by the writer, plus information and belief, on the theory that it is as good as any, and better than most. While undoubtedly personal predilection, which I challenge any one to keep entirely out of such a selection, has played its part, there is no downright prejudice. I have no favorite coaches, and, indeed, so little do their newspaper reputations mean to me that some of the selections have been made with the advice and co-operation of keen football students who so far as the general public is concerned, are practically unknown. If there has been any distinct leaning in any particular direction toward a certain set of coaches and observers, it has been in the direction of the grayheads, with an occasional appeal to a baldhead.

Many a man whom I should like to mention has been the victim of misfortunes of one sort or another—terrific schedules, injuries, inadequate coaching, and other ills the player is heir to. The list is so long that space forbids the appreciation of the courage and intelligence of many a hard fighting player, and I must confine myself in the main to those whom I have chosen for the squad. In the case of line men, the ends especially, I have theories of my own that seem to have stood up fairly well in the course of the season's play, which is why certain selections will be quite out of tune with those of some coaches of great reputation. Since no cups, medals, wreaths, clasps or certificates go with these selections, no harm has been done by a somewhat autocratic method, but perhaps a little good, for here and there players have been brought into the light who otherwise might have been unnoticed.

To begin with the ends. It has been said that it has been a poor season for ends, which is true enough in a general way, but the failure to produce a better set I attribute to a failure in coaching rather than to poor material. If I were to restrict myself to ends properly coached in a system that twenty-five years of observation has taught me to recognize as fundamentally correct, I doubt if I should be able more than just to fill out my squad. Those who have made it and have succeeded despite a difference in theory, have done so as much by what I know of their potentialities as by their actual performances. Here is where the personal predilection comes in. I am quite prepared to commit myself. The defensive end, the only correct defensive end, is of the smashing type, responsible for developing the play of opponents at once and behind their own scrimmage line. The mere turning in of the play will not do. I want at least two interferers cleaned out before the man with the ball reaches the scrimmage line. I want the end to tackle and stop plays going even inside the tackle position. Responsibility for his outside territory may be split between the tackle, who, if he uses his hands properly and keeps himself clear, is really an extra, heavier end, and the wing back. Those who saw Hanson of Syracuse, a couple of years ago, will know what I mean.

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

OFFENSIVE play by the end will vary a great deal without upsetting any fundamentals. He must be, of course, as nearly first class a pass catcher as possible, and enough of a halfback to be a scoring runner. Such a man was Barrabee of New York University. In the fundamental duties of his position he was about letter perfect, and on the offense he was a diligent worker on the opposing tackle. He developed the opponents' play as quickly as possible, and was one of the best scorers with the pass in the country. Phillips of California was much the same type. He was a play wrecker *par excellence*, and also always a possible scorer, although it is admitted that California did not run to high scores, since there was a great deal of emphasis on the defense. Dixon of Boston College was another crasher, a good pass receiver, adding to his accomplishments that of excellent kicking. It does no harm to have a good kicker on the line. Haycroft of Minnesota was another wing man of the scoring type, and could "make his pile" behind opponents' scrimmage line with disconcerting frequency. Dr. Spears, the Minnesota coach, is something of a master of end strategy, and at least one good one is always found on one of his teams.

Messinger of the Army did all that was asked of him and a little more. That he was not more conspicuous in the final clash with Stanford was simply in line with the day's work of most of his team mates. I think a different conception of end defense at West Point—it seems to have been slipping somewhat in the last two years—would have pushed a man of Messinger's type right up with the best of them. He was an excellent pass receiver, and his average of play through one of the toughest schedules in the country was high. Fesler of Ohio State was an outstanding product of the Big Ten field, and was especially adept in handling the pass. If I needed some more ends I should feel quite safe in calling upon Preston of Stanford, or Van Sickel of Florida, or perhaps the pair from Oregon State, largely because the latter are excellent examples of the perfect theory of end play. The best example of a fine end on a fairly obscure team was Barna of Hobart. No doubt if he had been with a Class A eleven the country would have been talking about him today. However, he can get a good education in other things besides football at Hobart, which, no doubt, is the reason why he is there.

COMING to tackles I admit to a personal predilection toward the observers who have been watching Nowack of Illinois and Barrett of Harvard, the new Crimson captain. I did not see Nowack, but am absolutely satisfied with the reports on his play. Zuppke and his aides know how to turn out superb tackles, and they have done a wonderful job with Nowack. Here is a 214-pounder of great range and a superior ability at blocking on the offense. Barrett I did see, even when most of the crowd in the stands did not see him, and even last year, before certain of the Harvard coaches could see him. He should have been and would have been one of the country's great tackles a year ago. For sheer industry in his position I haven't seen a better man in action this season. He

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made possible many of the clever passes of Guarnaccia and French, and in nearly every game he was working against the stronger side of the opponents' line. With not perhaps quite so much range as some others, he was a master at pinning down the play, and had a savage offensive charge. Frequently he was twinned up with Forrester Clark. Clark was more showy because of his physique, but Barrett was effective on every play. He had no bad days, not even bad moments. What a useful person he would be to an offense that decided to make a great deal of the "short side" tackle in the unbalanced line! The fine intelligence of his play was always a rare treat.

Utz of Pennsylvania, one of the best teams in the country on the season's record, was a typical Quaker tackle of the old Buck Wharton type. He was a stumblingblock to every attack he faced, and could pin down his opponents on the offense, giving plenty of time for his backs to work out the intricacies of the hidden ball play. Bancroft of California had perhaps a little more range, and was all that a tackle should be, leading the tackles in a section of the country that put on exceptionally fine football this year.

Spear of Georgia Tech was the best tackle in the South, and about as good as any in the country. There would be no weakening in the play of this All-America when he got into action. Lassman of N.Y.U., the biggest and the strongest of the lot, would raise a lot of havoc once in our game, with the type of support he would get. Chick Meehan, his coach, says he has never seen a greater tackle anywhere, any time, and he has seen a lot of them.

When we come to guards there is still more room for personal predilection. Seraphim Post of Stanford, not as showy perhaps as his team mate, Robesky, nevertheless was one of those effective swinging guards on the offense that Warner so loves to develop. Physically as good as any of them, there was a delightful finesse to his play, something that Sprague of the Army appreciated when he encountered him crossing over. The Army leader was quite out of the play most of the afternoon. My other guard, Demello of Pittsburgh, probably will not appear on many other selections, if any, but he undoubtedly belongs on the first string as a running mate for Post. He is another of the swinging type, so necessary nowadays, while on defense he is a rover who can tackle clear out on the ends, without being foxed into leaving a hole open behind him. There were local reasons why Demello never achieved newspaper notice to any extent, all of which was a little unfair. I am convinced that he was one of the great guards of the year.

The All-America Squad

Starting Team

Ends:	Barrabee, New York U.; Phillips, U. of California.
Tackles:	Nowack, U. of Illinois; Barrett, Harvard.
Guards:	Demello, U. of Pittsburgh; Post, Stanford.
Center:	Pund, Georgia Tech.
Quarterback:	Harpster, Carnegie Tech.
Halfbacks:	Cagle, Army; Strong, New York U.
Fullback:	Carroll, U. of Washington.

First Alternates

Ends:	Dixon, Boston College; Haycroft, U. of Minnesota.
Tackles:	Utz, U. of Pennsylvania; Bancroft, California.
Guards:	Beloin, Fordham; Burke, Navy.
Center:	Howe, Princeton U.
Quarterback:	Crabtree, U. of Florida.
Halfbacks:	Scull, U. of Pennsylvania; Mizell, Georgia Tech.
Fullback:	Holmer, Northwestern.

Second Alternates

Ends:	Messinger, Army; Fesler, Ohio State.
Tackles:	Speer, Georiga Tech; Lassman, New York U.
Guards:	Thompson, Lafayette; Robesky, Stanford U.
Center:	Barragar, U. of Southern California.
Quarterback:	Maple, Washington State.
Halfbacks:	Wittmer, Princeton; McEver, U. of Tennessee.
Fullback:	Snyder, U. of Maryland.

After these two we shall send into the game Beloin of Fordham and Burke of the Navy. The Fordham star was another player of great range. If there is any position that Cavanaugh can get more out of than most coaches it is the guard. No reflection on his coaching ability in other departments, just that wherever you come across a Cavanaugh eleven you will always find at least one surpassing guard. Men who played against Beloin are loud in their praises, and while Fordham's schedule was not remarkable, Beloin stood out as undoubtedly he would have stood out on an eleven of higher class. Burke of the Navy came steadily uphill through the season, despite the burden of leadership on his shoulders, and in his game against Princeton reached the heights of guard play.

Thompson of Lafayette has the thorough endorsement of his coach, McCracken, and I should be glad to put his man on this squad on his unsupported word. Fortunately that word has plenty of support by other good judges not connected with Lafayette. Of Robesky I have already spoken. This pair could do anything asked of them, and compare favorably with the other pairs chosen.

There were plenty of good centers all over the land. In the main I have given the preference, all other things being at all equal, to the men of the most imposing physique. This accounts for Pund of Georgia Tech. The best of direct passing is of course essential. Pund has been passing for a varied attack that requires a great deal of finesse in handling the ball, and there has been a minimum of fumbling. Most backfield fumbling these days may be laid to the center. Pund is also a stalwart on defense, somewhat of the cold-blooded type that is often so effective. Captain Howe of Princeton was one of the best centers of the year. His passing, too, had to be complicated, and he got away with it handsomely, without losing, apparently, an ounce of his charge. On defense he was a rover and an excellent pass intercepter.

Barragar of Southern California was one of Howard Jones's best center products in years. Another big, fast man, his passing, too, was of the best. On a better Notre Dame eleven, Moynihan would have been heard from, but for this reason, and also because of injury, he did not quite make the grade this year.

While there is a great deal of room for argument over selections in the line, the first string or starting backfield stands out above all other possible combinations (with all due respect to

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Last Words on the War

The Origins of the World War, by Sidney B. Fay. 2 vols.: Macmillan.

WHEN the outbreak of the World War startled a credulous and unprepared American public in 1914, Entente propagandists had a comparatively easy task in demonstrating that theirs were the forces of truth and light, battling for honor, morality, civilization and other high-sounding abstractions, against the hosts of darkness. Though public opinion may have vacillated slightly during the first days of the purely diplomatic crises, it crystallized definitely almost as soon as the first Uhlan rode across the Belgian frontier. The diplomatic ins-and-outs were hard to follow; their intricacies were hopelessly puzzling. But the violation of Belgian neutrality was a perfectly definite wrong—something a plain man could understand, something that would give him the emotional satisfaction of striking a moral attitude. Surely a state that was capable of invading a helpless neighbor whose neutrality it had guaranteed, was capable of anything.

Upon this theme the Entente spokesmen skilfully improvised, while Germany's defenders hopelessly bungled their effort to defend the indefensible. With its policy of *Schrecklichkeit* and its submarine campaigns, the German Government further obliged the Allied propagandists by providing for them precisely the materials they needed. And when the United States was at length forced into the War, the original mythology became an indubitable fact. For, as any one who has studied history in grammar school knows—particularly if he has never studied it anywhere else—the side one's own country chances to espouse inevitably possesses a monopoly of international virtues. A combination of propaganda, censorship, doctored documents, and hand-fed newspapers made it possible to maintain this attitude so long as the Allied chieftains deemed it an absolute necessity. But the guns had scarcely ceased fire when the revelations began. The secret documents, which the Bolshevists made haste to publish, had actually been printed in this country while the War was in progress; but they made no great impression—particularly because their authenticity was ill established; partly because in the excitement of war time their distribution was difficult and no one paid any great attention to them. After the War, however, as the German documents, the Russian documents, a number of Serbian documents and ultimately the British documents were made public—and as the various participants in the diplomatic policies and crises that preceded the War began to tell their stories—it became evident that the thin collections of documents which the various Governments had issued at the outbreak of hostilities contained numerous omissions and several downright forgeries.

The shock of this discovery, the horror of the thought that millions of men had been dishonestly tricked to their deaths, was too much for many writers. Either they hid their heads in the sand and cried out in loud voices that it could not be, meantime trying hard to believe the old fables; or else with a tremendous but understandable revulsion of feeling, they went to the other extreme and demanded a complete "revision" of the earlier views of war guilt, regardless of the numerous grains of truth that those views contained. For the extreme revisionist, Germany was almost guiltless, France and Russia supremely guilty.

It is all very puzzling to the plain man, who has no very extensive grounding in recent diplomatic history and little time to plough through endless volumes of documents and memoirs, from whose numerous inconsistencies and contradictions he has no means of sifting the truth. To make matters worse, the very vehemence with which revisionist views are sometimes set forth is often alarmingly reminiscent of war time propaganda.

Into such a situation comes Professor Sidney Bradshaw Fay's new book on "The Origins of the World War," the result of more than a decade of exhaustive research. It is, in several respects, the best book of its kind that has yet appeared in English. One may say this without prejudice to the merits of several other excellent works that have appeared in recent years to deal with the same vexed problem. Professor Fay is not such lively reading as his colleague, Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, with whom he not infrequently disagrees. He is not so concise as Mr. Lowes Dickinson. But because of the much larger amount of space at his disposal, he is able to provide a half century of background which they are compelled to take more or less for granted, and he is able to deal at length with the various ramifications of an exceedingly intricate subject.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

The Hounds of God, by Raphael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. Not one of Sabatini's best. The Armada and the Inquisition provide the background. Reviewed November 21.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton, Mifflin. This is a moving story of a dreamer's search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose. To be reviewed later.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. Reviewed in this issue by Ernest Boyd.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Meet General Grant, by W. E. Woodward: Liveright. Another "de-bunking" biography. To be reviewed by Van Wyck Brooks.

Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano. This is an ill-written book, commonplace and vulgar in tone and compiled from secondary sources. Reviewed November 7.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

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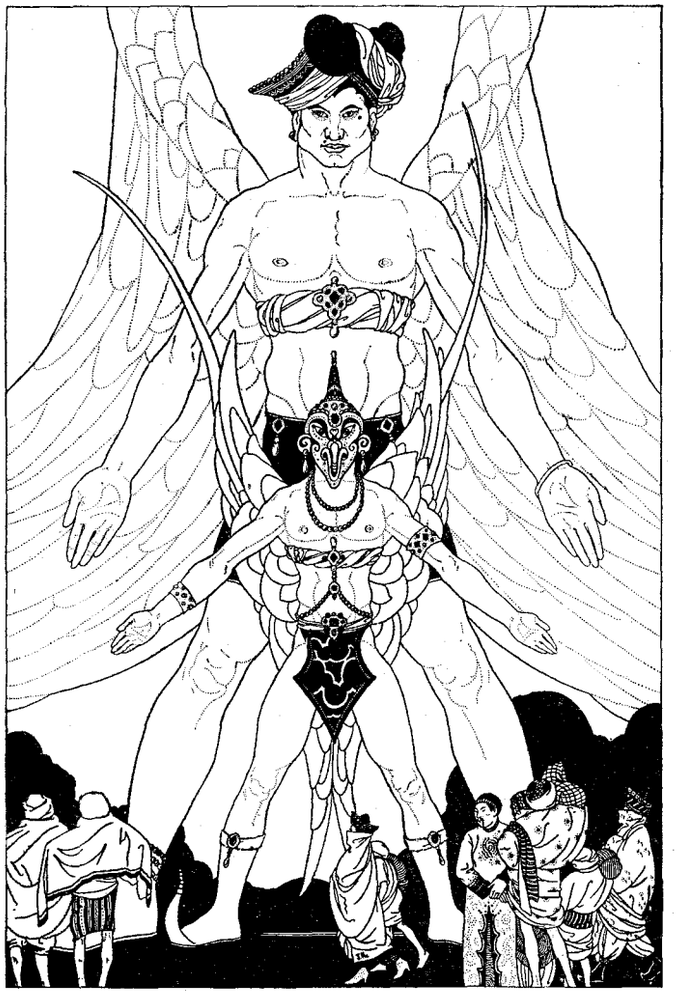
His entire first volume is devoted to a survey of European history from 1871 to the assassination at Serajevo in 1914. In view of the abundance of books on this subject in the last fifteen years, this may at first glance seem to indicate needless prolixity; but it does, as a matter of fact, represent nothing of the kind. Practically all the histories of this period—with the exception of one or two works like Erich Brandenburg's "From Bismarck to the World War"—are now out of date. The worst of them were written in the heat of the War's passions and prejudices; the best were written before the necessary data had been released from the secret archives. On this ground alone, students of the contemporary scene owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Professor Fay, for he has provided them with the best available account of its immediate antecedents. Everything in this volume is necessarily subordinated or related to the approaching conflict; but this is as it should be, for the War is the inevitable *Leitmotiv* of all intelligent study of the periods immediately before and after it.

In his second volume, Professor Fay assails directly the problem of war guilt—or as he prefers to say, "war responsibility." His phrasing is significant; for it suggests the coolly intellectual approach which is chief among his many merits. Intellectually, at least, he has accomplished one of the aspirations of the physicist. He has produced light without heat.

Almost alone among historians, Professor Fay declined to take sides on the outbreak of the War. "His historical sense told him that in this present case, as in the past, no one country or no one man was solely, or probably even mainly to blame. A little study of the documents in the Blue, Yellow, and Orange books which were early issued by the English, French and Russian Governments quickly convinced him that these documentary publications were by no means so complete and reliable (though more so than the White and Red Books issued by Germany and Austria) that one could safely base sound and final conclusions upon them." He therefore suspended judgment until the evidence should be more adequate; and now, after a careful examination of all the material since published, he presents his conclusions. Since Professor Fay went to no extreme in the beginning, he is subject to no temptations to fly to the opposite extreme now.



THE SLAVES OF THE LAMP AND THE RING
Frontispiece for "The Story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," written and illustrated by John Kettelwell (Knopf)

In their essentials, his conclusions do not widely differ from those commonly defended by the "revisionists," though they are stated a good deal less sweepingly.

"None of the Powers," he tells us, "wanted a European War." And in one sense "all the European countries, in a greater or less degree, were responsible. One must abandon the dictum of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were solely responsible." But he deprecates any effort to appraise the responsibility of the various belligerents in precise, mathematical fashion. The question is too complex for such oversimplification. "Austria," he thinks, "was more responsible for the immediate origin of the war than any other Power." Yet the Serbians share her guilt because they connived at the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Russia is guilty of precipitating the catastrophe, because she was the first to mobilize. French protestations of complete innocence are not convincing—especially as the French Government declines to publish its archives. Great Britain's failure to take sides earlier helped on the catastrophe; but this was partly due to the uncertainty of her domestic politics. "Belgium was the innocent victim of German strategic necessity," but the violation of neutrality "was not a cause of the War except in so far as it made it easier for Sir Edward Grey to bring England into it." Germany "was the victim of her alliance with Austria and of her own folly." She shares Austrian guilt because she did not attempt to put on brakes until too late.

Such are his conclusions, and mild enough they seem when compared with the fiery periods of the more ardent revisionists. Yet their very lack of passion, their quiet air of thoughtfulness, and the mass of skilfully arranged evidence gives them an entirely convincing quality. "The Origins of the World War" is one of the two or three most important books of the year.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Emotion in Life and History

"Emotion as the Basis of Civilization," by J. H. Denison: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE is no more fascinating type of book than the interpretation of history from a new point of view. There have been many such books interpreting history in the light of some theory or prejudice, such as Houston Chamberlain's and Spengler's, but these, while vastly entertaining and stimulating, usually have to be accepted at a very large discount. It is where the author has no special plea to put for-

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ward but interprets known facts from an entirely fresh angle that the result is in the end, most satisfying. Such a book is Mr. J. H. Denison's "Emotion as the Basis of Civilization." The publishers rightly describe this work as a philosophy of society and suggest that the reader is enabled to understand for the first time a good many aspects of history that have always seemed mysterious. And Professor George Foot Moore points out the general thesis in his prefatory note, saying that the unity of civilization is brought about not so much by community of bare ideas as by community of the feelings by which ideas are "emotionalized" and become beliefs and motives.

Mr. Denison's object, in short, has been to discover, as he puts it, "the methods that have been used in the past to cultivate the emotions that are of value in social construction and to stimulate the reader to consider what emotions are essential to the success of our modern democracies." He has aimed to indicate the vast influence of emotions on social organization and the necessity of determining what emotions can be used today to support our democratic institutions and advance civilization. If his ultimate purpose is thus a practical one, it has involved a general survey of world history showing the various devices through which the emotional attitudes were created that rendered possible the civilizations of the past. Every successful civilization, he says, has owed its success to an elaborate system by which certain emotions were cultivated and has met with disaster when this system has been permitted to lapse. And he finds that all civilizations fall into two general types, the autocratic or "patriarchal" and the democratic or "fratriarchal," both of which have their natural origin in the family.

No interpretation of world history could thus be more comprehensive than the one which Mr. Denison has attempted. It involves a study of the fundamental conditions of civilization, the sense of unity, the various bases of the group, the social significance of religion, a study of the unifying emotional cultures, namely, customs, costumes, language, manners, laws and rites and ceremonies. The two general systems fall, it goes without saying, into various special types, differing with each racial character. Sometimes the king is the chief "patriarch," sometimes the priest. Persia appears as fundamentally chivalric, Israel as fundamentally moral. In China the central culture is behavior, in India the protection of racial ideals. Africa, where civilization found its first great development, affords today only examples of tribes that have failed to produce any notable civilization; while the historic flower of the patriarchal type of civilization is undoubtedly Japan.

The various patriarchal systems that anticipated modern democracy in its various forms comprise the Greek, the Roman, the early Christian and the Mohammedan, the characteristic basis of unity in each being the exercise of will in place of authority. Generally speaking, Occidental civilization has been fratriarchal in essence from the beginning and has naturally tended towards democracy, although there has always been a measure of conflict between the two systems ever since the days of the Roman Empire. Mr. Denison analyzes also various other modern cultures, such as that of the Church, the English schools, the colleges, the Boy Scouts and the Ku-Klux Klan, and ends with a highly suggestive chapter on International Unity and the various cultural forms that are best adapted to bring it about.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

After Ten Years

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. III. Into the World War. IV. The Ending of the War. Arranged as a Narrative by Charles Seymour: Houghton Mifflin.

Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927, by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K. G. 2 Vols.: Little, Brown.

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincare (1913-1914) translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur: Doubleday, Doran.

Statesmen of the War, in Retrospect, 1918-1928, by William Martin: Minton Balch.

THE THIRD and fourth volumes of Colonel House's "Intimate Papers" are by far the richest of the group in the material of American history, touching world history as never before. With admirable candor Professor Seymour sets forth the worst that can be said about these volumes of his in a footnote in the first of the two now presented for scrutiny. He asked Dr. Isaiah Bowman, head of "The Inquiry" instituted by Colonel House soon after the United States entered the war for studying the terms on which peace should ultimately be made, to read and criticize his chapter on "The Fourteen Points," in the drafting of which Colonel House is seen to have borne a vital part. In Dr. Bowman's commentary on this chapter the following words are found: "I still have the feeling that the report of the House-Wilson conferences is curiously one-sided. We have H.'s diary but not W.'s. We have H.'s opinion of how much he helped W., but not W's opinion . . . . Yet W. too had an altogether extraordinary character: he was a genius, a very great man. I wish you could bring this out a little more by a phrase or a sentence here and there, not just by a peroration. It would make H. a still greater figure to have it clearly shown how great was the man he served, and in my opinion it would give a higher judicial quality to the account."

A less generous editor would have kept this as a private observation, instead of spreading it before his critical readers, among whom there must be not a few who will feel that, when all the evidence is in, it may not appear that Wilson so invariably scored his greatest successes when he followed House's advice and made his worst mistakes when he ignored it. At times the narrative does give such an impression—and that, to repeat what has already been intimated, is the worst that can be said of it.

On the other hand there are many things to be said emphatically in its praise. Colonel House appears again as the wisest and most far-seeing of counsellors, an enlightened and genuine liberal, rarely gifted with a clearness both of thought and of expression that made his letters and memoranda models in their kind, the truest and most loyal of friends, a standing refutation of the charge that Wilson was impatient of advice, an illustration rather of his wisdom in seeking it from such a source, and so often heeding it.

"The more I see of the successive generations," wrote Lord Oxford, formerly Mr. Asquith, as he was nearing the end of his life, "the more I admire the Victorians." Admiring them as he did, he carried his exemplification of their virtues far into the post-Victorian years. The background of classical tradition and knowledge, the love of genuine literature, modern as well as ancient, the dignity of political relations both personal and public—these and other qualities of the Victorian statesman, concerned rather with the larger and more distant than with the immediate issue of events, characterize the autobiographic chronicle of Lord Oxford's fruitful life. It contributes im-

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

EVER since Lytton Strachey published "Eminent Victorians," in 1918, we have witnessed an extraordinary rise in the popularity of biography. It seemed as if he had given a new lease of life to a form of literature which had previously, in his own words, "been relegated to the journeymen of letters." It is only necessary to read most of the newer biographers to find how little they have improved upon their predecessors. Journeymen they were and journeymen they remain, despite the substitution of the "modern," Stracheyesque manner for the pious pomposities of the old-fashioned biography.

In certain quarters it was the fashion to charge Lytton Strachey with being responsible for this changed conception of the biographer's function. He was accused of being cynical, frivolous, iconoclastic, and people were heard to declare that his method was too easy, too unscholarly ever to displace the sounder method of his predecessors. Mr. Strachey has, I think, triumphantly refuted this contention. In the space of ten years he has written only three books, apart from a volume of reprinted essays: "Eminent Victorians," "Queen Victoria" and now "Elizabeth and Essex" (Harcourt). All three are works of patient scholarship, differing from the productions of most scholars only in so far as they are written with an exquisite feeling for the graces of the English language. They are obviously not the work of a "smart" person, prepared at any time to demolish a reputation. That Mr. Strachey has left to the innumerable horde of his imitators.

Even more noticeably in "Elizabeth and Essex" than in "Queen Victoria" has he departed from the attitude which made "Eminent Victorians" famous. I well remember with what curiosity I looked forward to his book on the Queen, and with what interest I realized that she did not appear in his pages like another figure, more elaborately drawn, from his first book. Mr. Strachey very evidently had been captured by his subject, and if irony was by no means absent, there was also respect. In fact, at one point I felt that he was being too discreet. It will be remembered that little or nothing is revealed of Queen Victoria's sentiments at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. These could not, I fancy, have been lacking in a certain interest in view of the prevailing feeling about Germany at the moment when "Queen Victoria" appeared.

"Elizabeth and Essex" disposes once and for all of the notion that Lytton Strachey is just a witty iconoclast. Careful research, an immense documentation and a felicitous style combine here in a narrative as exciting as any novel. The author does not himself adopt the license of his imitators. He does not imagine his facts, nor put into the mouths of his people words for which there is no warrant. His sources are authentic and are so skilfully used that the vast labor entailed is not apparent to the uninitiated. To quote his own description of Bacon's essays, the book is written "in a succession of gnomic sentences from which every beauty but those of force and point" has been strictly banished.

THE story of Elizabeth and Essex has all the fascinations of Tudor romance. The enigmatic interplay of these two figures is set against the colorful and teeming background of Elizabethan politics, from which poison, dagger and rack are never absent. The Virgin Queen was a study for the modern pathologist or psychiatrist. Her "mysterious organism" was "the pivot upon which the fate of Europe turned." Mr. Strachey unfolds this story in brilliant chapter after brilliant chapter, unraveling the tangled threads of amorous intrigue and political machination. At the exact nature of Elizabeth's relations with Essex we can only guess. Alternately favored and rebuffed, adored and defied, Essex is led to the block by circumstances over which perhaps the Queen herself had no control.

That, indeed, is part of the charm of Lytton Strachey's picture of those times. He sees people and events with the eyes of a contemporary and when he makes any comment it is to warn the reader not to look at the period with the eyes of today. Speaking of a celebrated trial for treason he writes: "The true principles of criminal jurisprudence have only come to be recognized, with gradually increasing completeness, during the last two centuries; the comprehension of them has grown with the growth of science—with the understanding of the nature of evidence, and the slow triumph, in men's mental habits, of ordered experience and reason. No human creature can ever hope to be truly just; but there are degrees in mortal fallibility and for countless ages the justice of mankind was the sport of fear, folly, and superstition."

There is real drama in the relations between Elizabeth and Essex, and Mr. Strachey fortunately has the ability to convey all that lies in the situation without indulging in those psychoanalytical smirks which are now considered necessary. He portrays the two and presents them more or less as they must have seemed to themselves and to their contemporaries. Despite the bond between them, Elizabeth resisted Essex in circumstances where it would have been more natural for her to take his advice. His efforts to get an appointment for Bacon make an interesting and typical story. Vacillating as the Queen was, her tergiversations with Essex make a problem in which one feels that the human, the feminine factor plays an even greater part than in the general affairs of state.

Bernard Shaw once denounced in characteristic terms the Elizabethan drama, with its blood, incest and murder. It is interesting to contrast his approach to that period with Lytton Strachey's. The latter is urbane and understanding, where the former is indignant and full of protest. With a deft phrase, a paragraph or two, Strachey expounds situations as remote from him as from Shaw. But his manner of dissociating himself is entirely different. He is the incarnation of the present day attitude at its best. He is neither hero-worshiper nor reformer.

ABOVE ALL, he writes as beautifully as he thinks. One longs to quote but he is not a creator of "purple patches." The style is the man: a highly sensitive, extraordinarily dexterous mind, which is reflected in writing which is a joy to the ear and to the intelligence. Lytton Strachey is most effective where he is most intelligent. That is surely the rarest of literary phenomena. Usually when the words sparkle, the ideas hardly bear examination. Lytton Strachey has made the appeal of intelligent prose as captivating as poetry.

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The Tin Angel

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by J. PAGET-FREDERICKS

IT WAS nearly Christmas—the Tin Angel felt it in her bones. Not that it mattered—indeed, she wished it were Fourth of July instead, when all Christmas-tree ornaments lie asleep in the hot attic. For Christmas-time made her heart ache, Christmas-time reminded her of the good old days when she used to crown the top of the tree, holding aloft her single white candle, while from the dark branches below smiled the paper Shepherd-Boy and the little glass bells and the Santa Claus head with the tinsel fringe—all long since lost or broken or thrown on the scrap-heap.

Every year, while the Woman watched, smiling but anxious, below, the Man had climbed a tall ladder and clipped the Tin Angel to the very tip-top of a tree whose branches almost brushed the ceiling, then striking a match, he held the flame against her white candle, while the Woman stepped back, crying admiringly: "Won't she love it?"

Oh, that first Christmas when the big doors had opened and Little Girl had come running in—plump Little Girl with tight black curls and snapping brown eyes. Every ornament had sparkled its best to please her but Little Girl had lifted up her face to the tree and spread her fat fingers, crying in a voice like little bells: "Oh, see the Tip-Top Angel!"

After that, the Tin Angel lorded it over everybody, even the dignified Santa Claus head, and every December, as the ornaments woke in their box, each called respectfully to the Tin Angel: "Is it Christmas yet?" If she murmured: "Yes, I feel it in my bones," everybody came awake and lay whispering in the dark, waiting for familiar footsteps and voices in the old attic.

As Christmases came and went, Little Girl's legs grew lankier and the ornaments faded and tarnished; each New Year's night, some old friend was missing from the roll-call in the dark box, but the Tin Angel lived on as stanch as ever, always crowning the top of the tree with her lighted white candle.

But one sad December, the wondering company were left undisturbed in their dark home: another year passed and another and another, until one day, strange voices filled the old attic and strange hands snatched off the cover.

"Look at those funny old things!" cried a Boy and another Boy laughed loudly.

And while the Tin Angel hid trembling under the wrapping paper on the bottom, ruthless hands swept the paper Shepherd-Boy and the little glass bells and the Santa Claus head with the tinsel fringe all out into the unknown world—and the Tin Angel never saw them again.

A week she had huddled there alone; then on New Year's night, a crowd of smart new ornaments came piling into her old homestead—red balls and silver, golden fruits, and—most cock-sure of all—a long string of red and blue electric light bulbs. Now they boasted in their modern slang of "watts" and candle-power, quite drowning out the Tin Angel's faint voice when, peeping from under her wrapping-paper, she began a timid reminiscence of her own past glories.

"Listen to old Tinny!" they cried, snickering at her empty candle-socket.

"Old Tinny!" The Tin Angel smiled proudly but her heart had cracked quite in two. Ah, those friendly little twisted candles of other days, sputtering so cheerfully below her on the tree, filling the warm, closed room with that fragrance of hot wax melting on spruce boughs that is like nothing else in the world.

"Dangerous, those old-fashioned things!" frowned the blue and red bulbs when she tried to tell them, and they fell to boasting again of their "watts" and their candle-power.

Each December now, Boys' voices and Boys' footsteps entered the old attic and every Christmas Eve, the red and blue bulbs and their glittering young friends fared forth, returning gaily at New Year's with tales of a tree whose top branches nearly brushed the ceiling and of marvelous mechanical toys such as even Little Girl had never dreamed. In her nook under the wrapping-paper, the Tin Angel longed for the scrap-heap where she might at least rejoin her old friends.

But this year, she had waked with a shiver of excitement so like old times that for one drowsy moment she almost forgot—soon it would all come true again . . . Man and Woman . . . tip-top branch . . . flare of match . . . Little Girl dancing in on short fat legs, black curls bobbing . . . no, plaits now and lanky legs . . . or wasn't it long skirts and hair up . . . ?

Voices snapped the Tin Angel awake.

"Shake a filament there, brother," a blue bulb was crying to a red, "Christmas! They'll be coming for us soon,"

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Sedgwick and the Atlantic

(*Continued from Page 1408*)

rewrite and amplify his article in the form of an open letter to Governor Smith. When the Governor actually replied—which was more than Sedgwick had dared to hope for—it became evident that the "Atlantic" had not only scored a journalistic tenstrike but had done a service to the country. Once more liberalism and good journalism had joined hands.

National elections have usually found Ellery Sedgwick voting the Democratic ticket; but there was, I think, more than that behind his recent article favoring Smith for the Presidency. Smith appealed to both the liberal and the journalist in him. Sedgwick the liberal likes discussion, believes that it is an essential preliminary to wise decision, and kindles to the man who faces his questioners unafraid. Sedgwick the journalist knows a first-class "Atlantic" author when he sees one. And Governor Smith is a first-class "Atlantic" author. He meets directly and explicitly great public issues such as that raised by Mr. Marshall; and coming as he does from Oliver Street, where one does not expect "Atlantic" authors to be nurtured, he corresponds perfectly to Sedgwick's ideal of a literary discovery. Smith doesn't look like an author, he speaks the argot of the East Side, and yet somehow he manages to write vigorous and effective prose which people by the hundred thousand want to read. He is as good a find as the best bundle of old letters ever found in a trunk!

Business man, liberal and, above all, journalist: there, I believe, you have Ellery Sedgwick's essential nature. His contribution to the making of American opinion has come not through forcing it in this direction or that, but through bringing to his magazine men and women representing every sort of opinion and letting the subscribers hear them and choose for themselves; and also through proving for the benefit of other publishers that there is in this country a public which will support such a magazine to the profit of the publisher. Many another publisher has now proved it for himself, but the "Atlantic" did much to blaze the way.

Do I hear some one say that this is not enough, that the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" should care more about literature and less about journalism? Perhaps he should. A good many contributions to the "Atlantic" during the past twenty years will stand the test of time, but perhaps there should be more of them. Yet this should be added: literary masterpieces are not to be had for the asking. The wind of genius bloweth where it listeth, and the editor who thinks only of literary quality is likely to find himself at the end of a year or two with either a very dull magazine on his hands or a dead one. And literary quality—a mysterious thing at best, and difficult to analyze—is not obtained by asking people to write about books or about art instead of about men and women and their problems. The stuff of literature is the stuff of life. And that is what the good journalist is always looking for. The editorial creed which Ellery Sedgwick used to print in the "Atlantic" from time to time closed with these words: " . . . and never to forget that of all useless things, an uninteresting magazine least deserves salvation." A good journalist, he has made the "Atlantic" unfailingly and variously interesting.

Government by Propangada

(*Continued from Page 1389*)

Hence, the prospect that before very long the desks of Washington newspaper correspondents and of home-town newspapers will be deluged with "hand-outs" portraying in terrifying terms the deadly germs that lurk in used mattresses. What's going to be done about hotel beds and sleeping-car berths, I do not entirely comprehend.

Not long ago Congress had before it the Administration's plan to abolish the use of poison gas in warfare. It took the form of a request for ratification of a protocol adopted by the League of Nations. In the negotiations at Geneva the United States was officially represented by Representative—now Senator—Burton, of Ohio, then Nestor of the House, and it looked as if so humanitarian a proposition would easily secure approval when put to a vote in the Senate. Thereupon the associated chemical-gas manufacturers of the United States got busy. They formed an emergency organization. They put out publicity by the ream. They sent speakers to address Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and other opinion-forming groups of "folks back home." Enough Senators heard from "back home" to mobilize a vote sufficient to prevent ratification of the Geneva protocol.

Last winter witnessed in Washington a publicity campaign second only in magnitude to the crusade of the Anti-Saloon League in propagandizing the American people into Prohibition. The Coolidge Administration, on the advice of the General Board of the Navy, submitted to Congress a construction program calling for seventy-one new ships of various classes, chiefly light cruisers, in which the United States fleet is seriously deficient.

No sooner had the naval program become public than there was launched against it the most skilful, aggressive, extensive and ruthless publicity campaign of recent years. The campaign was promoted mainly by the official pacifist organization known as the National Council for Prevention of War, which sprang into existence on the eve of the Washington Armament Conference seven years ago. The Council consists of a large number of affiliated National associations of churches, women and various other groups specializing in civic or ethical activities. Well-versed in the practice now in vogue, the pacifist organization tilted straight at the "folks back home." It flooded the mails with literature depicting the United States as embarking upon a campaign of "militarism" at sea comparable to the sytem which led Prussianized Germany to plunge the world in blood and tears. It accused the Coolidge Administration of re-kindling the fires of competitive armament. Uphill and down-dale the pacifists exhorted their cohorts throughout the Republic to bombard their spokesmen in Congress and the White House itself with protests against the alleged plot to fill the seas with an aggressive and invincible American navy. Presently the incoming Washington mails were choked with the inspired roars of Vox Populi.

Working closely with the pacifist organization was the great alliance known as the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which appealed to its vast individual memberships, claimed to be "150,000 churches," to address themselves, by telegram or by letter, to Representatives and Senators at Washington and to the President himself. Form telegrams and form letters must have been supplied from some central directing agency, for the shoals of them which descended upon House and Senate Office Buildings and the White House

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Hendrik Van Loon's Man the Miracle Maker Liveright

This is the story of the successive inventions which have gradually extended man's dominion over nature, told in the simple and entertaining manner which made the same author's "Story of Mankind" so popular. The feet on which prehistoric men plodded have become ships and motors and flying machines; the mouth has become radio and telephone; the eye, telescope and microscope and searchlight. And so on. It is a clever method of presentation, and one that will hold the attention of grown-ups as well as children. Moreover, the author's illustrations, of which there are nearly two hundred, are so simple and direct that they point up the text and considerably heighten the interest. They don't simply illustrate; they supplement the exposition.

Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson's Enter Sir John Cosmopolitan

When Magda Druce is brutally murdered, it seems to be a clear case against Martella Baring, an actress in the stock company of which Magda's husband is manager. But the suspicion of that famous actor-manager, Sir John Saumarez, who attended the trial, is aroused, and he decides to descend for a time from his pedestal and attempt to find the real murderer—a person in whom no one but himself believes. How he did so, and incidentally learned a number of interesting things about his own and other people's lives, makes a good story, which drags a little during the last two innings—partly because it began to end before the authors were ready to have it do so. Just the same, it's as good a detective story as we've read in some time. When writers of this calibre essay a thriller, they are apt to have a little the air of bringing down with them from the heights a contempt for their task. These writers can have no such charge brought against them, and so we have an honestly written story that is worth reading.

John Bennett's The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo Longmans

A collection of stories and verses for children, pleasantly told but, for us at least, without the charm of the other children's books of the author. They are pleasant, but rather faint echoes of Howard Pyle, Stockton, and the St. Nicholas of thirty years ago. The silhouettes with which they are illustrated, however, and which were cut by the author, are another story. They are spirited and amusing, and would lead the eye of child or grown-up along through a much less interesting text than here accompanies them. For don't mistake us. These stories are not dull. Perhaps what we really mean is that the pictures are so much better than the text that we couldn't keep our attention on the latter.

Hulbert Footner's The Velvet Hand Doubleday, Doran

Madame Rosika Storey is a beautiful detecative who solves four cases for you in a manner most effecative, arriving at conclusions by processes subliminal, since intuition is her guide in locating the criminal. And since her intuition is so perfectly reliable, and backed up by ingenious proof whose force is undeniable—all of which of course is written in a manner most enj'yable—we're sure that you'll agree no crook could ever catch Rosika out, and if you ever need a dick we hope that you will seek her out.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from page 1414)

portant items to a knowledge of British affairs in relation to the war, and illustrates afresh, in the vividness of extracts from diaries and letters, the superior value of strictly contemporaneous record.

In greater detail the new volume of Raymond Poincaré's "Memoirs," compressing into one two volumes of the French original, covers only the period from January, 1913, to August, 1914. The excellently written and translated narrative is essential to a full understanding of the immediate preliminaries to the War as the Prime Minister of France witnessed them from his point of special vantage.

The three works already touched upon belong to the category of original documents. A fourth, "Statesmen of the War, in Retrospect," by William Martin, foreign editor of the "Journal de Genève," is entirely a piece of commentary and interpretation. The book contains sketches of Wilson, House, Asquith and Poincaré, besides nineteen other characters in the *dramatis personæ* of the world drama. They are written with intelligence and insight, and bring together many bits of fact and incident of positive value in a total picture of the time.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

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The All-America Football Squad

(Continued from Page 1411)

Messrs. Warner, Rockne and Tad Jones, who syndicated Ken Strong off their first team). Keener Cagle of the Army to my mind was the best back of the year. Bob Zuppke of Illinois told me he was by far the best he had seen. Certainly he is the best running forward passer the game has seen in many years, but as Zuppke said, he liked better the passing done from the sweep run than from the various manœuvers Cagle was obliged to make by the alert Stanford defense. "On the wide run and pass," said Zuppke, "the man is simply inspired, and that is what we are all looking for." Cagle is also an excellent, shifty, hard-running ball carrier, too, and an excellent man on the wing defense. It was not his fault that the Stanford attack gave him too much territory to cover, so that he was caught a few times by the flat, wide pass, which he ordinarily gobbles.

Ken Strong, a 200-pounder, and fast, has everything a fine back should have. He is a scorer above all else. He can pass to perfection and kick splendidly, as well as being a stalwart on defense. Strong invariably did all that was asked of him and frequently a bit more. An All-America without Strong lacks one of the great figures of the year. Carroll of Washington was the "fightingest" back of the year. Playing on a team far below his own class, he kept that eleven together in the face of many a terrific battering. Tireless, resourceful, he could run, pass and kick, and no matter what the conditions, his play was even throughout.

This backfield is completed by Howard Harpster of Carnegie Tech, far and away the best field general in the country. A tall, and almost slender appearing person, his passing was perfection, whether short or deep. There has been no such accurate passer since the days of Harry Stuhldreher and Oberlander. He was a perfect safety man on defense, could run well with the ball, and kick finely, both punting and drop-kicking—a handy man when the point after touchdown means so much as it does these days. There is in this backfield everything known to football. Our coach would give them the lateral passing that made Guarnaccia and French a great combination at Harvard, that also brought into the limelight the backfields of Oregon State, Florida and Tennessee, and was so effectively taught at little Williams, by Caldwell of Princeton.

Our first alternate backfield is led by Crabtree of Florida, a master of all kinds of passing, in headwork perhaps only a shade below the uncanny Harpster, and a man who would be a freak if he were not such a very real wonder. The freakishness lies in the fact that he can pass with either hand, or kick with either foot, and on the run, so that he gives one the impression of being all arms and legs. He runs well with the ball and also is an inspiring person when driving his team. Though beaten by Tennessee, there was one march by the Gaters that used all that is known of modern attack, the plays beautifully mixed by Crabtree. I am giving him to work with, Scull of Pennsylvania, the best pass receiver in the East, a runner, passer, kicker and great tackler; and Mizell of Georgia Tech, who has the same qualities. The backfield is rounded out by Holmer of Northwestern, the best fullback in the Middle West, a terrific plunger and great defensive player. I would really like to see this backfield working *against* the first selection. There would be fireworks enough for one afternoon.

We might well finish up the game with the third alternates, who would keep the action in high without a doubt. Here are Maple, of Oregon State, who looks like a fat boy but is not, Wittmer of Princeton, the rugged McEver, of Tennessee, one of Bob Neyland's shining pupils, and Snyder of Maryland, whom Yale players will remember for a long time to come. Maple is a master of the modern attack, uses fine generalship, and is something of a terror in his own person. Wittmer had his great day against Yale, but he was at all times one of the best backs in the East, running, throwing or catching forward passes and overhand laterals. McEver is another all-round man, one of the hardest runners in the country. Snyder rounds out the quartette nicely.

We have assembled a squad, I think, that can play modern football clear to the hilt. Geographically, too, it is fairly representative, for football is fundamentally about the same all over the country these days. For championships I care nothing, so will attempt no rating of the teams. In the course of the season made up of big days and off days more than any of its predecessors, any one of half a dozen teams was the best in the country. In the light of all that happened, football took a long step forward, and that is the main thing. After all, it's the game that counts.

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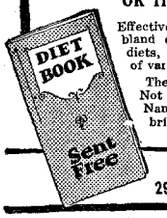

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What Is a Railroad Worth?

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

A TEN-BILLION-DOLLAR law suit comes before the United States Supreme Court on January 2. Directly it affects only a nine-mile railroad and involves only $226,880.55, but its ramifications touch the lives of millions of people and every railway in the United States.

For over two years the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway's valuation case has been discussed by those in touch with the railroad, financial and legal world. Public interest has been growing as the case draws nearer to the climax in its argument before the highest courts.

For this suit has become a test case and the Supreme Court's decision should be one to take its place among the important precedents which have been laid down by the highest court of the land.

Every rail security owner—and this includes the millions participating in the railroad holdings of insurance companies—is concerned in the case. Every shipper of freight, and therefore every consumer, also has an interest in the outcome because of the possible effect it may have on rate regulation.

The contest has some of the elements of suspense that characterized the recent political campaign. The decision is almost universally conceded by the experts to be in favor of the railway, but there is a real threat of an upset through refusal of the Court to consider the general principles bound up in the case, rendering a decision only on the immediate question of confiscation.

The story dates back to 1913 when Congress, suspecting water in railroad capitalization, passed the La Follette valuation act calling for an inventory of every carrier by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Then in 1920 the Transportation Act put valuations to use by issuing two orders. The first directed that rail rates should be so adjusted that carriers as territorial groups could earn 5¾ per cent on their property investment. The second stipulated that if in any year a carrier should earn in excess of 6 per cent on property value, one half of the excess must be paid to the Government to be distributed as loans to carriers with weak credit. The act did not constitute a guarantee of a return of 5¾ per cent, either on stock or on property as so often stated by the misinformed, but was designed to allow railways as a whole to earn a fair return. As a matter of fact, in no year since 1920 has any group of carriers earned this rate of return. As for the recapture fund, the few millions that the Commission has collected have been from small roads and have been unavailable for loans because paid under protest.

The Commission began its valuation work by fixing costs of reproduction on the basis of average costs for a period of years up to 1914, and indicated that valuations as of later dates would be adjusted by applying corrective factors according to the rise or fall of materials and labor. The inventory, however, has indicated that even on prewar prices the railroads are not overcapitalized and the rising level of costs has pointed to such an undercapitalization that the Commission's policy has been modified. In the O'Fallon case it openly declared that property value for rate-making purposes must be more nearly the estimated reasonable and necessary investment in the property than the cost of reproducing it on any particular date.

VALUATIONS rendered after introducing artificial considerations such as special rates of depreciation and no allowance for appreciation have been almost universally protested as far too low. Two efforts to test the Commission's methods have failed in the Supreme Court because of legal technicalities. Both the Kansas City Southern and the Los Angeles & Salt Lake, a subsidiary of the Union Pacific, were told not to cry before they had been hurt.

On the other hand, the St. Louis & O'Fallon can claim that it has been hurt, for the Commission has ordered it to pay some $226,000, representing half of the alleged excess earnings for four years, on a property valuation set by finding reproduction value as of 1919 on the base of 1914 prices and adding additions and betterments, less depreciation, for subsequent years.

The weakness of the carrier's case is principally in the fact that even after payment of recaptured earnings, the return on its own estimated valuation of $1,350,000 against the I. C. C. valuation of less than $1,000,000, the earnings amount to a return of more than 8 per cent which hardly can be called confiscatory.

The hope is that the Supreme Court will not dodge the Constitutional questions as the lower court at Kansas City did, but will make a broad ruling. The Commission has warned that what was done in the O'Fallon case will be followed in principle with every railroad.

What the carriers demand is a ruling reaffirming previous decisions defining "value" as current worth—the price that might be expected in a trade between a willing buyer and a willing seller. It is vital to learn whether railroad investments are to be considered in terms of the 1914 dollar or the present-day dollar; whether rail securities are to reflect the depreciated dollar through rising prices that will encourage the support of new capital. Failing in this support, some commentators declare, Government ownership of the carriers may be the ultimate result.

The carriers have a not unreasonable hope, too, that a higher valuation will justify higher rates, just as it did in public utility valuation cases reaching the Supreme Court. A favorable decision would hardly mean a sudden or even an eventual drastic increase, however, for rate-making still will be in the control of the Commission and will be governed by the limit which will permit traffic to move freely. Some railroad groups, notably the Northwestern, have been suffering from disproportionately low rates which a favorable valuation ruling would help correct, but by and large, the most salutary effect would be the assurance that railroad capital will be allowed an equal opportunity with that flowing into other industries.

BUT whatever the actual effect, the ruling itself will be one of the most important that the Supreme Court has laid down in recent years—that is, if it does not choose to find some loophole which will enable it to escape the broad decision which is hoped for. Presumably such a ruling must be made at some time and the present seems as good as any other.

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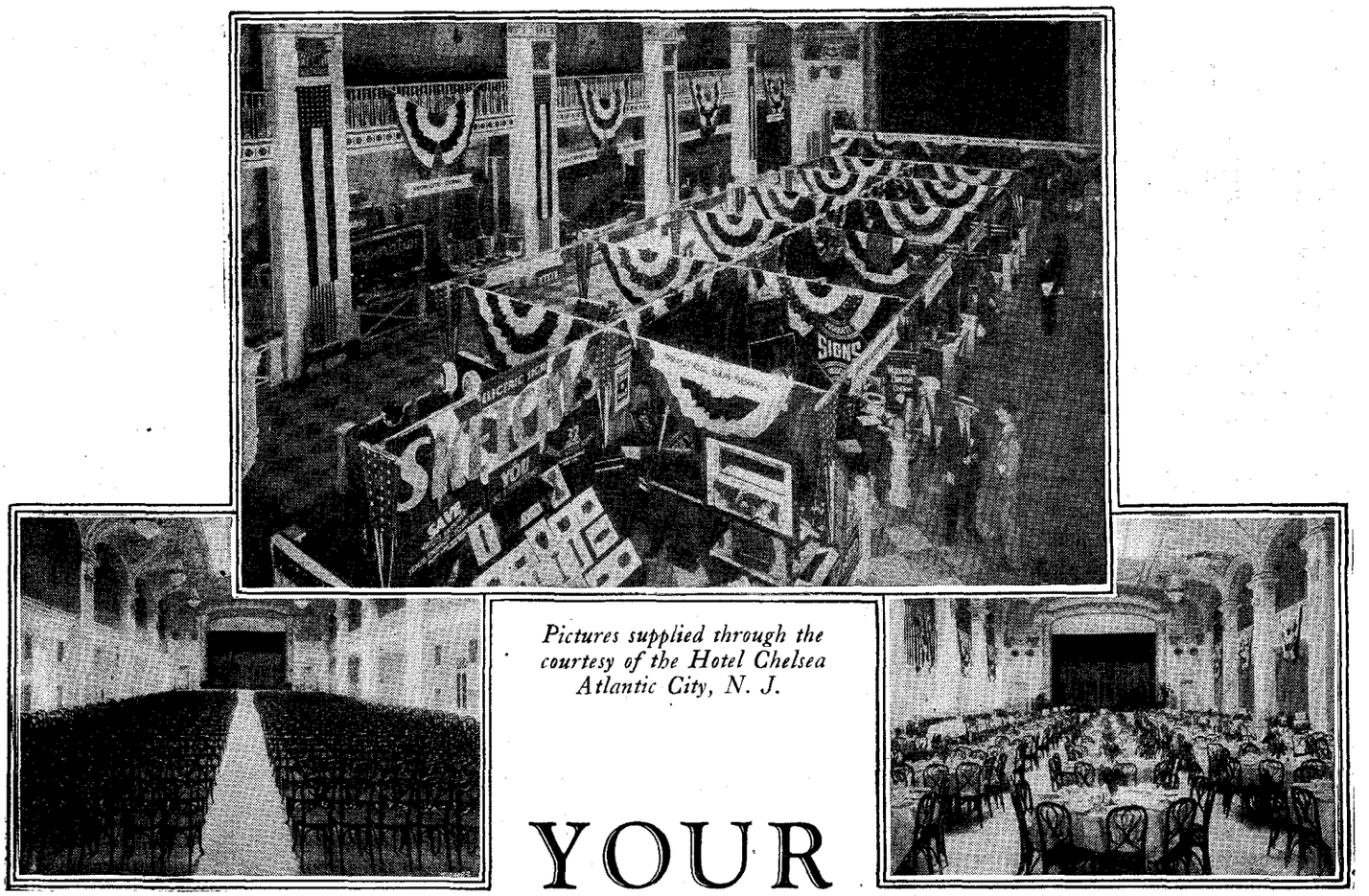

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Government by Propaganda

(*Continued from Page 1417*)

disclosed a similarity of expression, and a consistency of argument, which could have resulted only from some concerted leadership.

The bill was killed. At least it was so effectively submarined by the torpedoes of organized publicity that it was virtually sunk. When its hulk came to the surface in the House Naval Affairs Committee, the bill was found to be emasculated from a seventy-one-ship program to one calling for sixteen ships. The twenty-five cruisers originally provided for became fifteen. The publicity drive had been so triumphantly pushed home that a House of Representatives which at first contained a safe majority in favor of the large project would now listen to nothing but the radically curtailed scheme. The present chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, Representative Britten, of Illinois, informed me that of twenty-two members of the committee previously for the Administration bill, only two could be discovered ready to support it after the pacifist barrage had put the fear of God in the hearts of Congressmen.

Did space permit, I could proceed indefinitely with illustrations of how the publicity racket is worked. Now and then the racketeers are not unfittingly described as the "invisible government" of the United States, or "the third House of Congress." It was Goethe, the German poet philosopher, who wrote an epigram famous in his country—*"Du glaubst zu schieben, doch wirdst geschoben."* "You think you are pushing, but in fact you are being shoved" is a free translation. The aphorism has a particular application in Washington. The Congress of the United States, and even the President of the United States, often think they are pushing, when, in reality, they are being shoved.

To my mind there is but one danger lurking in the enterprising practices of the Grand Army of Publicity at Washington, as far as their effect upon democratic government is concerned: the possibility that an organized minority, well caparisoned with leadership and cash, may on occasion succeed in overriding the will of a lethargic majority and in jeopardizing the National welfare. I daresay Congressional history overflows with examples of this sort. The wets of the country unceasingly claim this is exactly what happened when the Anti-Saloon League of America propagandized Uncle Sam on the water wagon, though certain events on November 6 last would hardly seem to justify the contention that these more or less United States of ours are opposed to prohibition.

I have always thought that the triumphant drive against the 1927-28 naval program of 71 ships was an example of minority public sentiment *in excelsis*. The National Council for Prevention of War has just announced that that victorious campaign cost $11,000. It is at present engaged in raising a fund to accomplish the overthrow of the remnant of the 71-ship bill, now pending before the Senate in the form of a 16-ship project.

As long as the First Amendment to the Constitution guarantees the people in their right "to petition the Government for a redress of grievances," or what the sovereign citizenry conceives to be *grievances, organized minorities* occupy unchallengeable ground. They certainly cannot be denied privileges available to majorities. But it is not difficult to envisage a situation at Washington in which the intrinsic merits of a cause or a policy will be lost in the shuffle and din of rival propaganda. Once upon a time men were sent to Congress because their constituents trusted their judgment and had confidence in their ability to grapple with legislative problems. The basic idea inspiring the Grand Army of Publicity presupposes that members of Congress have become incapable of thinking for themselves and need to be doped on high pressure lines with the pros and cons of a given question. In other words, government by propaganda must inevitably lead to a point where our National legislators will have no minds except those which are made up for them.

The Forces Behind the Fever

(*Continued from Page 1392*)

shortage of business funds. But to date there has been no such serious shortage—and the Reserve officials have been beaten at their own game by the speculators. The money has been supplied by private lenders.

No more interesting question looms for 1929 than whether the dearer rates induced by speculation will discourage business expansion. Which will give way first—the stock market or industry? The answer must be left to the future.

Certainly to date the stock market has nothing to fear in the flow of business profits. In the first 1928 quarter 195 industrial corporations earned 2.5 per cent more than in the same period of 1927. In the second quarter they earned 16.3 per cent more. And in the third 38 per cent more. There no longer seems any doubt that 1928 will go down in history as the country's most prosperous year—and these earning increases have been shared by the great majority of the key industries. It is not usual for the automobile and steel industries to go into the second half of the year with production at the high levels of late 1928. This accelerating pace of improvement in 1928 earnings over 1927 has been accentuated by a comparison of this year's rising tide with last year's decline—but it has been a dynamic market force just the same.

Passing over these quarter to quarter earnings gains let us take the performance of 260 representative industrial concerns in the first nine 1928 months. Their 1928 aggregate gain over 1927 is 20.1 per cent—and that is not all. Thirty-eight of the 260 industrial corporations in the first nine months this year, or 14 per cent of all, showed increases exceeding 50 per cent over the same period last year. Twenty-two actually doubled their 1927 incomes.

Prosperity has not been confined to companies in a few specialized lines. It has been general. The major industrial groups that earned more in the first nine months this year cover lines as diversified as the following list: apparel, radio, phonographs, copper and brass, silk, auto parts and accessories, leather and shoes, oil producing and refining, mining and smelting, miscellaneous securities, theatres, motion pictures, automobiles and trucks, machinery and machine equipment, steel and iron, household products, food products, paper and paper products, tobacco and tobacco products.

The only important groups that earned less were the railroad equipment, coal and coke, building and real estate and the lead and zinc companies. Earnings for the railroad equipment companies fell 35.4 per cent short of a year ago—and therein is explanation for the sluggishness of the equipment stocks in the present market. Fortunately these business profits have been ground out without the aid of swiftly rising commodity prices. The Coolidge prosperity period has been singularly free from price inflation. And that means the foundations of the present prosperity rest on ground more solid than that momentarily held in 1920.

So long as the tide of prosperity holds high the public will not easily lose faith in the stock market. The

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The Forces Behind the Fever

(Continued from page 1422)

time may come in 1929 when either the stock market will have to give way to business, or business to the stock market. If the public follows its present bent it will continue to buy stocks—as long as it sees on every hand unmistakable signs of prosperity. But if it bids stocks up high enough on borrowed funds the time will come when this very rush for prosperity stocks will kill prosperity.

It takes no great stretch of the imagination to see that such a process might so tighten credits that industry would find itself handicapped—and refuse to compete for funds with the stock market. If an adjustment in the market is permitted in time to ease money somewhat, before business feels the pinch, the chances for perpetuating prosperity will be greater than if the market is allowed to absorb funds that industry rightly deserves. In the end both business and the stock market will benefit through a realization that either can kill the other, unless at all times the progress of the one is measured by the progress of the other.

The market will have little to feed upon if through reckless speculation it absorbs too large a proportion of the available funds needed in business. Business confidence will be shaken if the market collapses.

The Tin Angel

(Continued from page 1416)

and the red and silver balls and the golden fruits began to stir, shouting noisily among themselves.

"Honoring us with your company, Tinny?" jibed a red bulb, and the whole string tittered.

"No thanks. Christmas parties bore me nowadays," lied the Tin Angel.

Just then footsteps entered the old attic and voices spoke. Dead silence fell upon the Christmas box. Gentler than usual, hands lifted the cover, fumbled with the tissue paper. The Tin Angel closed her eyes.

Then her heart gave a sudden wild thump. What was that? What had she heard? A Voice, still like a bell, not little bells now, deeper, richer—but surely the same, oh, surely the same.

"Why," grieved the Voice, "where are all my old ornaments?"

"Those funny-looking things? We threw them out," came a Boy's voice. "Look, Auntie—see our electric-light bulbs."

"I did want Little Sister to see some of my old things," sighed the Voice. Then woman-fingers lifted the wrapping-paper and the Tin Angel looked up into Little Girl's brown eyes.

"Oh!" came her delighted cry, "Here's my dear old Tip-top Angel!"

And before the Tin Angel could catch her breath, she was downstairs again, a white candle filling her socket, while a strange man, with hair as yellow as Little Girl's was black, stood on a tall ladder, clipping her to the tip-top of a tree whose branches nearly brushed the ceiling. Below her shone the red and silver balls and the golden fruits, while through the branches two Boys were twisting the long string of red and blue bulbs. No Shepherd-Boy, no tinkling glass bells, no Santa Claus head with a tinsel fringe, but far below, Little Girl stood back, just as the Woman used to do, crying, "Won't she love it?" and the yellow-haired stranger nodded.

Next morning he climbed the ladder and lit her white candle while the Boys busied themselves with the bulbs.

"Has Santa Claus gone?" laughed a Voice like deep bells through the closed doors. "Little Sister can't wait any longer."

"Switch on those lights," whispered the Man to the Boys.

A click, then below her on the tree a sudden flash and fizz and the spurt of a tiny flame among the spruce needles.

"Cord worn—short circuit—burned out," muttered the Man as he sprang to beat it out. "Dangerous, these things," and looking down, the Tin Angel saw the red and blue bulbs still hanging limp and unlighted.

Rappings on the big doors and the laughing Voice again:

"Little Sister can't wait!"

Then a smaller voice like little bells cried plaintively: "Mummie, why won't Daddy let me in?"

The big doors opened and a little girl ran in, a plump little girl with straight yellow hair and snapping brown eyes. One moment she stood, lifting her face to the tall tree that sparkled in the glow of the Tin Angel's single white candle, then spreading her fat fingers, she cried in her voice like little bells:

"Oh, look at the Tip-top Angel!"

In one happy thump, the Tin Angel's heart mended itself quite whole again, and while her tallow dripped on the spruce needles, filling the warm, closed room with that fragrance that is like nothing else in the world, she thought she saw the paper Shepherd-Boy and the little glass bells and the Santa Claus head with the tinsel fringe smiling dimly up from the dark branches below.

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